

AMERICA

A CATHOLIC REVIEW OF THE WEEK

VOL. XXXVI, No. 8
WHOLE No. 897

December 4, 1926

PRICE 10 CENTS
\$4.00 A YEAR

CONTENTS

	PAGE
CHRONICLE	169-172
EDITORIALS	
That Marlborough Case—A Law Gone Wrong	
—Censoring the News—Our Professional	
Schools—Are Vocations Decreasing?.....	173-175
TOPICS OF INTEREST	
An Irishman at Calles' Inauguration—Cheerful	
Thoughts on Christmas—"Science," the Ally of	
Bigotry—Straining the Quality of Mercy.....	176-182
EDUCATION	
Catholic Professional Schools in 1926.....	182-183
POETRY	
Under an Irish Lark.....	183
SOCIOLOGY	
Trying to Exterminate War and Crime.....	184-185
WITH SCRIP AND STAFF.....	185
LITERATURE	
The Short Stories of Quiller-Couch.....	186-187
REVIEWS	187-190
COMMUNICATIONS	191-194

Chronicle

Home News.—The latest series of notes exchanged between our Government and the Government of Mexico was published on November 24 and revealed a grave situation. The series consists of four notes, two from each Government. It began on July 31 with a note from Secretary Kellogg, and ended on November 14, with Secretary Saenz's last reply. The publication of the notes by our Government is looked on as our retort to this answer. This brings the existing difficulties down to their last essential point. The Government of Obregon was only recognized on condition that the land clauses of the Constitution, reducing title to landed properties to a mere matter of governmental concession, have no binding force as regards property owned by Americans prior to their enactment. The former series ended in March of this year with the understanding that the Calles Government still acceded to this agreement. It soon became apparent, however, that behind the camouflage of the religious persecution Calles was more than ever determined to repudiate it. The first American note bears the significant date of July 31. The conversation, stripped of diplomatic verbiage, proceeds in this wise:

United States: (July 31): "The Mexican Government claims the right to convert unqualified ownerships into terms of years by the simple device of requiring the existing titles to be ex-

changed for concessions of limited duration. This is retroactive and confiscatory legislation and violates the terms of the agreement preceding recognition."

Mexico (Oct. 7): "Retroactive legislation does not become confiscatory until the end of that terms of years, and only if the concession is not renewed at that time. There was no agreement on this matter preceding recognition; only certain recommendations by the commissioners, which do not constitute a treaty."

United States (Oct. 30): "The right of private property is impaired by this legislation, which, we repeat, is retroactive and confiscatory. We expect you to abide, in any case, by your former agreement, which we look on as a solemn pledge made by you. This is the last time we will speak on this subject."

Mexico (Nov. 17): "Private property is sacred, and must be respected. The 'agreement,' made by the commissioners was never legally accepted, and has no binding force. Moreover, it was made only with the reservation that it be in conformity with Mexican laws, which it is not."

There followed publication of the notes, and the announcement that a "serious situation" had arisen between this country and Mexico. The American Government has made it clear that the land-law question, while serious in itself, is only one of the matters at issue, the others being the spread of Bolshevik propaganda in Central and South America, the threat to the Panama Canal, and the semi-overt friendship with Russia and Japan, in matters affecting American interests.

Bulgaria.—The returns of the communal elections have greatly strengthened the Opposition. In Sofia the Government party won nine and the Opposition seven seats, while the remaining seats were divided among four minor parties. The Government party is known as Premier Liaptcheff's Democratic Entente, while the Opposition is led by Malinoff, who has formed a coalition among Democrats, moderate Agrarians and what remains of the National Liberal party of the War Premier Radoslavoff, who is at present in exile. Malinoff, it is thought, may well be on the way to the Premiership. It is no good omen that the three groups to the extreme Left have gained five seats.

Czecho-Slovakia.—The leader of the Slovakian Popular party, Mgr. Hlinka, who arrived at Prague October 21, after his journey to the Eucharistic Congress, has been negotiating with Chancellor Svehla to bring about, as far as may be possible, his policy of home rule for Slovakia in the Czecho-Slovakian Republic. This is based upon the so-called Pittsburgh agreement. The four preliminary demands of his party are as follows: (1) the Ministry

for the administration of Slovakia to be entrusted to a member of the Slovakian Popular party, (2) a Slovakian Board of Education to be created, (3) an Independent Land Reform Bureau for Slovakia to be established, (4) the lands of the Church in Slovakia to be returned to the administration of the Bishops from whom they are withheld because the Government still refuses to recognize the Bishops appointed by the Holy See without previous Government nomination. All these demands are certainly just. The problem, however, is that the Slovakian party must still be circumspect in dealing with the Liberals. It is true that without the cooperation of the Slovakian Popular party the Government majority would be lost, but on the other hand the virulently anti-Catholic National Socialists, who at present form the Opposition, would gladly replace the Slovakian Popular party in the parliamentary majority. This would again give a turn to the internal politics of the Republic that would be very unfavorable both to the interests of the Church and to those of the Slovakian Popular party. The German Agrarians and Christian Social party have also their grievances to be redressed, but they entered the Government Coalition without stipulating any conditions. Their express principle is that the end and goal to be attained must not be made a condition of cooperation. Mgr. Hlinka apparently hopes that he will do better by acting in a directly opposite way, and of course has certain reasons for his policy because Slovakia has suffered real wrongs from the Czech anti-Catholic centralism.

France.—An incident which may have a direct influence on Franco-American relations took place on November 23, when Ambassador Berenger resigned his post.

Berenger's Resignation

He was appointed to it for terms of six months, so that he might not have to resign his place as Senator. Reasons for his resignation are variously given, the most probable being the delay in accepting the American debt-agreement, which he signed. It was interesting to note that among his possible successors named was Paul Claudel, eminent Catholic poet.

A certain amount of tension between Italy and France remained, due to the hot-headed actions of Fascisti on the border. All ideas of war were scouted by both parties,

Italo-French Tension

but it was another indication that however pacific Mussolini's intentions might be, there would be need of skilful diplomatic action if ugly incidents were to be avoided.

Germany.—Not a little dust was raised in political circles and in the Reichstag when it suddenly became known that for some time the Government had been virtually the owner of the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, the former Stinnes organ, possessing seventy-six per cent of the stock. The editors, however, claimed that they had been entirely unaware of this fact and that there was no dictation of policy. They even denied the statement of Dr. Stresemann that they

were pledged to support the Government's foreign policy. This made the case all the more mysterious. Dr. Stresemann explained that for the purchase and subsidy of the paper he had used the secret funds allocated to the Foreign Secretary and the Chancellor. The purchase had been made before Dr. Marx became Chancellor. The Centrist as well as the Socialist organ vigorously attacked Dr. Stresemann.

In his Reichstag speech, November 23, Dr. Stresemann, as Foreign Secretary, definitely demanded withdrawal of the Inter-Allied Military Control Commission.

Foreign Military Control

Germany, he said, had now done her part in regard to the Versailles Treaty and the Allied Governments should not delay to do theirs. It would be inconceivable that Germany should enter the League of Nations while her people at home were still weighed down by the psychological burden of foreign military control. He denied, moreover, that such control could thereafter be taken up by the League, although he conceded its right of investigation for special purposes, as sanctioned by the Treaty. His most sensational pronouncement, however, was the statement that on Germany's entry into the League, equality within the League itself would demand the disarmament of all the other nations just as well, since the obligation of disarmament cannot be forced upon one member alone but must apply to all alike.

Great Britain.—After five weeks of deliberation, the Imperial Conference held in London concluded its work by the publication of several reports that have a vital bearing

Imperial Conference Report

on the evolution of the British Empire. Most important of these is the Report of the Inter-Imperial Relations Committee of which Lord Balfour was chairman. This document, consisting of some 6,000 words, is not to be considered as a constitution of the British Empire. It is, rather, a set of proposals that has no binding authority as such without its acceptance by the Parliaments of the nations whose representatives cooperated in drafting it. It affects only the seven self-governing nations in the British Commonwealth of Nations, but not the territory otherwise held by Great Britain or the British Protectorates and Mandates. It is interpreted as introducing no drastic changes in the Empire but as more clearly defining and formally declaring the status of nationhood that the Dominions already enjoy in practice. Hence, it does not, as was at first stated, recognize the independence of the British Dominions, nor does it reconstruct the machinery of the Empire, nor does it tend to the dissolution of the Empire. Its ultimate effect, in this regard, would seem to indicate a strengthening of the bonds between "the autonomous communities within the British Empire," the designation which officially distinguishes the seven nations represented.

After an introductory paragraph, the report, in Article II, defines the position of Great Britain and the Dominions

Summary of the Report
 ions as being autonomous communities "equal in status, in no way subordinate one to another in any aspect of their domestic or external affairs, though united by common allegiance to the crown and freely associated as members of the British commonwealth of nations." As stated subsequently, however, "principles of equality and similarity appropriate to the status do not universally extend to the function."

Article IV, Section A, introduces a change in the title of the King as proclaimed in 1901. This change was thought desirable because of the altered status of Ireland through the establishment of the Free State. Henceforth, the title will read "George V, by the Grace of God, of Great Britain, Ireland, and the British Dominions Beyond the Seas, etc.," replacing "of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland and of the British Dominions, etc." Section B makes the Governor-General of the Dominions solely the representative of the King and not of the British Government; communications, therefore, are to be made directly between the British and the Dominion Governments. The following section recognizes the right of each Dominion to advise the Crown in all matters relating to its own affairs with no intervention of the British Government.

Article V is concerned with the foreign relations of the Empire. In general, treaties affecting the whole Empire are not to be held as binding on the component parts except with the approbation of those parts. The major share of the Empire's foreign relations is left to the British Government which has authority to give final shape to the policy. The Dominions may engage in negotiations with foreign countries and may sign treaties in cases affecting their own affairs. These treaties are to be concluded under special powers accorded by the King on the advice of the Dominion concerned and not on that of the British Government. But neither Great Britain nor the Dominions can be committed to active obligations unless they receive the definite assent of their Governments.

The British press expressed, almost unanimously, approval of the report. General Hertzog, of South Africa, who had been most outspoken in his claims for the independence of the Dominions, declared

Comment on the Report
 his satisfaction with the document and stated that he had obtained all his demands. Australia also appeared to be satisfied with the report. While Canada, in general, approved some papers expressed the fear that the bonds with the mother-country were being loosened. Indian sentiment deplored the fact that India was not given equal status with the Dominions. The reactions of Ireland were doubtful. The Free State Government and its supporters are in complete favor of the provisions of the report. It may happen, however, that protest be made against the title of the King as "Defender of the Faith" in reference to Ireland. Northern Ireland is much disturbed; Sir James Craig has gone to London to make representations in re-

gard both to the new title of the King and to the lack of autonomy granted to Ulster.

Reasons for Optimism
Hungary.—While commerce and industry are still struggling under heavy burdens the country is doubtless upon the way of economic betterment. The reduction of bank rates from seven to six per cent will greatly aid industrial ventures. Unemployment has been reduced and the dreadful frequency of bankruptcies has passed. Deflation was necessarily a painful operation and the middle classes have suffered most. The country is still far removed from prosperity, but it is thankful for the work accomplished there by Jeremiah Smith in stabilizing its currency. Sir Alan Anderson, a British authority, recently listed Hungary third in the stability of its currency, the United States being classed first and Austria second. Britain itself was put by him in the eleventh place. All this has been accomplished amid social and political difficulties of every kind. Count Bethlen, who took the initiative in urging Hungary's case with the League of Nations doubtless has retained a strong hold upon the people. To the criticism that he is not going far enough in the direction of democracy he answers that it would be futile to extend the suffrage until the people have been sufficiently educated to understand the responsibilities which a more complete democracy would imply. It can be said for the new Upper House that it is now so constituted that it cannot possibly represent the interests of one class only.

Slight Disorders
Ireland.—Following the passage of the bill introduced by President Cosgrave granting the Government special powers to deal with the disturbances recently caused by a Republican group, the Government issued a proclamation that a state of emergency existed and proceeded to employ the extraordinary powers granted by the legislation. The police seized all copies of the Republican paper, *An Phoblacht*, raided the headquarters of the Republican Women's League, and arrested nearly a hundred persons suspected of complicity in the armed attacks on the barracks. The independent group of Republicans that was responsible for the outbreaks continued its activity by staging new reprisals. The prominent Republican leaders did not seem to have been implicated in the disorders and, as far as can be learned, have not expressed sympathy with the activity of the raiders. In some Republican circles, it is believed that these attacks are embarrassing to Mr. De Valera and to the political campaign he is conducting in preparation for the general election. Though the Free State Government has availed itself of special powers to deal severely with the disturbers, it does not, according to Mr. Cosgrave, consider these outbreaks as a prelude to a new civil war.

Mexico.—President Calles recently introduced a bill in the Mexican Chamber of Deputies regulating

Article 130 of the Mexican Constitution which contains that country's anti-religious ideas. The purpose of this new legislation is to tighten up the Constitution and to supply penalties for the violation of its enactments. In an explanatory statement, the President, under the guise of love for the law, makes his purpose clear, namely, the complete submission of the Church to the State in all religious activities. A significant change introduced by Calles has to do with the status of the ministers for foreign colonies, principally American. Such ministers are granted exemption for the time being from the oppressive measures directed against Catholics. Perusal of the new bill, which is in twenty articles, reveals the fact that extremely severe penalties are provided for all infractions; that marriage is severely regulated, though the religious ceremony is not forbidden; that the State refuses to recognize the Church as such and will deal only with each local pastor taken by himself; that all present and future possessions of the Church are the property of the State; that all church collections in the church must be reported to the State, and likewise all purchases of furniture, etc.; that all professional education of clergymen is not recognized; that curtailment of freedom of the press is extended to manuscripts, leaflets, folders, etc., either sold or given away; that no minister may receive by inheritance or gift any real property for religious purposes; that trial and judgment are under the local Federal authorities and not subject to a jury. It is clear from this analysis that Calles intends a complete and definite destruction of the Catholic religion in Mexico. The bill was quickly passed, as was foreseen, it was adopted on Nov. 25 by an overwhelming majority.

Poland.—The movement to place Marshal Pilsudski upon the throne of Poland steadily grew in strength. It had, apparently, been thoroughly organized. Returning from a conference of the industrial leaders at Lodz Prince Radziwill brought with him the pledges of these financial magnates. Similarly a conference of landowners and titled gentility recently held at Cracow gave the same assurance of their support for the monarchist cause. Moreover, a new political party, known as the National Rights party, was formed whose leaders are the same group of men among whom Prince Radziwill figures. They openly expressed their hope to establish an elective monarchy, with Marshal Pilsudski as its first King. The party also invited "factory hands, farm workers, and everybody who has respect for personal and property rights to join its ranks upon a basis of equal rights for both capital and labor." Fair play, furthermore, is to be given to American interests. Among the leaders of the movement are men who who held the highest positions under the former

Austrian and German régimes. In fact, it is noteworthy that the various nationalities which form the Polish minorities are flocking strongly to the movement which is to set Pilsudski upon the throne, while the aristocracy, the financial, industrial and landholding classes are equally supporting it, and the rank and file of the people seem not to be adverse. Pilsudski, they claim, is not ambitious for the crown, but is seeking to stabilize the Government. It must be stated that amid these political evolutions the Government is at present actively determined to carry out the Kemmerer recommendations. Government representatives are to be placed in all the great industries to keep a check on taxes and prevent the flight of capital from the country, while a drive against those banks which are charging usurious rates or are without proper securities has been decided upon.

Russia.—Gregory Zinovieff, for many years one of the most trusted leaders of the Communist party as well as of the Communist International, was finally forced to hand in his resignation as President of the latter organization. He had previously been removed from the political bureau of the Communist Central Executive Committee and early last month was given a vote of censure, together with Trotsky and Kameneff, at the Communist party conference. He has thus fallen completely from favor. In the Government of Russia he had been intimately associated with Lenin, in the Communist party he was one of the leading spirits, and for seven years he had held the Presidency of the International. The reason for his final deposition and exclusion, for the present, from all further work in connection with the International is ascribed to his "factional activities." His true name is Apfelbaum and he is known as Lenin's Boswell for his biography of the father of Bolshevism.

With this week's issue AMERICA begins a new feature, which it hopes will prove highly acceptable to its readers. In the place formerly occupied by the "Note and Comment," THE PILGRIM will present his weekly musings under the appropriate heading "With Scrip and Staff." He informs us he intends to preserve the virtues of the old Note and Comment, along with some assorted ones of his own.

Next week's issue will be Christmas Book Number, and together with more extended book comment, there will be the annual Christmas Book List, which in the past has been so helpful to book-buyers.

Other features will be "On a Previous Tenant," by Ronald Knox, and "Santa Claus Turns Babbitt," by Arthur A. Young.

More Anti-
Religious
Legislation

Linovieff's
Final
Fall

Political
Evolutions

AMERICA

A - CATHOLIC - REVIEW - OF - THE - WEEK

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1926

Entered as second-class matter, April 15, 1909, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized on June 29, 1918.

WILFRID PARSONS
Editor-in-Chief

JOSEPH HUSSEIN PAUL L. BLAKELY FRANCIS X. TALBOT
WILLIAM I. LONERGAN JOHN LAFARGE
Associate Editors

FRANCIS P. LeBUEFF, Business Manager

SUBSCRIPTION POSTPAID

United States, 10 cents a copy; yearly, \$4.00
Canada, \$4.50 - - - - Europe, \$5.00

Addresses:

Publication Office, Suite 4847, Grand Central Terminal, New York, N. Y.,
U. S. A.

Telephone: Murray Hill 1635

Editors' Office, 329 West 108th Street, New York, N. Y.

CABLE ADDRESS: CATHREVIEW

Stamps should be sent for the return of rejected manuscripts

That Marlborough Case

THE Marlborough Case attracted attention longer than it deserved. It was, in fact, a constantly decreasing series of anti-climaxes. It was at first thought the Duke himself had asked for an annulment. This caused great indignation. When it was found that not the Duke but the former Duchess had asked for it, there was something like consternation. Then it was thought that she had asked for it on grounds which seemed to reflect on the marriage procedure in the Episcopal Church. This also excited some caustic words. When it was found that neither the jurisdiction nor the marriage ceremony of that Church was involved, but the contract itself, there was another quiet smile from Catholics. Then it was thought that she had asked for it on the ground of lack of consent, and this seemed strange in view of the fact that she had lived with her husband for some twelve years. When it was found that it was not any act of her own, but an act of her mother's, which invalidated the marriage, there was more consternation. Later, it became moderately clear that a marriage which had never been a valid contract had at last been declared to be so, and that, by one of the oldest courts in Europe, and certainly the most venerable and austere incorruptible, on the perfectly reasonable grounds that coercion exercised by the mother on her child had invalidated from the very first minute a marriage which could become valid only by publicly renewing the contract in the absence of all coercion,—a thing which never was done.

The final crashing anti-climax came when Bishop Manning made his "belated" statement, on the very morning that the real facts were officially published. The irate Bishop made two charges, both of which were false. His charge of "impertinent intrusion" was an impertinence itself. There was no intrusion; a member of Bishop Manning's own sect asked for the declaration of nullity. His

other charge, that the decision was contradicted by the known facts, is merely a charge of perjury leveled against the witnesses. The Bishop's flag-waving appeal to Ku-Kluxery put him where we did not before suspect him to be. Apart from his violence, one would have thought he knew nothing about the case; his statement read as if it were about some other case.

Meanwhile all over the country Catholics were suffering either because of the shameful position they falsely thought they had been placed in, or because of the unwarranted attacks made on them by non-Catholics. As one correspondent put it, "Really, some people act like a hungry bear long lying in wait to grab us and now pouncing out of hiding, screaming, 'Ha! At last I have you!'" There was, as now appears, no reason for panic. The Church had granted no divorce. It had aimed no blow at marriage. Rather, it had acted to preserve the sanctity and freedom of marriage. It had done no extraordinary favor for a rich man. Duke and tramp are treated alike. When asked about it by a non-Catholic the Church had merely given its opinion that the marriage was no marriage, and all sensible people had nothing to do but agree. The Episcopalian organ, the *Living Church*, which knew better, called upon Mgr. Lavelle to "produce the tramp." We have it on the best of authority that Mgr. Lavelle can produce not one tramp, but two tramps.

A Law Gone Wrong

LIKE a Spanish lady at a bull fight, we sit far above the noise and dust of conflict to watch our brethren of the bench and bar in conflict over the administration of the criminal law in these United States. It seems clear that one William Howard Taft once said that this administration was nothing short of a national disgrace, but dissension arises over the exact date at which the statement was made. Was it uttered by William Howard Taft, a distinguished member of the bar, or by William Howard Taft, chief justice of the United States?

Most of us are willing to accept the dictum as it lies, regardless of the time of publication. The attitude of the average layman to our criminal courts is mirrored in the ancient story of the defendant who was asked whether he pleaded guilty or innocent. "Well, your Honor," replied the accused, "when I first got into this thing I thought I was guilty, but after listening to my lawyer, I'm not so sure."

The moral of this fable is that while an act may be condemned by one statute, it may be condoned by another, which only a clever lawyer can dig out of a mass of legislation. Hence it throws no improper reflection upon the lawyer, but, rather, upon the legislature. We Americans are much given to law-making, and often enough we do not perceive that the effect of one statute may be to neutralize many others. "There ought to be a law against this nonsense," exclaimed a victim, subjected to some petty annoyance, while travelling. "There is," observed his companion, "but there is also a law compelling the conductor to do what he did."

As an example of well-meant legislation defeating its own purpose the Baumes law in New York should be studied by all reformers. Providing life-imprisonment for fourth offenders, the law promised to clear our precincts of many evil-doers, but it is already beginning to break down. Judges resenting it as an invasion upon their judicial duties are refusing to apply it. Juries, thinking it too severe, are refusing to convict.

Before the lawyer is put beyond the pale of propriety, it is well to remember that in many cases American juries act as if they were supposed to work hand in glove with every man accused of crime. Not only do they assume that he is innocent; they often assume that nothing can prove him guilty. "In Canada public opinion is against the criminal," said Mr. R. L. Calder, K.C., at a session of the New York Crime Commission held some weeks ago in Montreal. "I fear that a large part of public opinion in the United States is for the criminal." At the same session Mr. Justice Greenshields said that he felt, "there was too much sloppy sentimentality for the blood-thirsty bandit" in the United States. "When I sentence a man to hang," he continued, "he will shed the tears, if any, and his, not mine, will be the choking throat." It must be confessed that there is very much truth in these criticisms, and as long as this is the case, there will be many miscarriages of justice in our courts.

The legal profession has its black sheep, but much of the disorder into which the administration of justice has fallen must be traced to other causes. One is the stupid, the incompetent, or the dishonest jury, while the other is the legislature which counts every day lost on which it does not bring forth some new legislation.

Censoring the News

FOR nearly two years a divorce case and a murder case have been featured in the Eastern metropolitan newspapers. At the outset, the details were set forth in all their fullness only by those journals which make no secret of the fact that they cater to pruriency, but within the last few months such publications as the *New York Times* and *Evening Post* have vied with the worst of the tabloids and shockers.

It is a poor defense to retort that the same thing is done in England, first, because it is not true, and next because two wrongs do not make a right. Nor can much be said for the claim that these extended reports help to protect public morality by creating a horror of crime. It is greatly to be feared, despite the copy-book moralists, that as a deterrent of evil the flaunting of wickedness has been vastly over-rated, particularly where sex-crime is in question. Professional men are compelled to deal with these unhealthy conditions, and the laity can gain such knowledge of them as is proper and necessary by applying to competent authority. To set them forth in every prurient detail on the pages of a newspaper does not help the specialist, and may do much harm to the young and to those who because of personal temperament are quite unable to accept them merely as manifestations of mental or moral disease.

As a shining contrast to the New York newspapers, the *Boston Transcript* took the attitude that the majority of its readers, being decent-minded men and women, did not care to have this notorious case foisted upon their attention by cartoonists and special writers. On one occasion when the metropolitan journals published from three to six pages, the *Transcript* contented itself with six lines.

The newspapers, especially those published in New York, are quick to resent any scheme which proposes censorship, and in this they are within their rights. Even if the constitutional interdict could be evaded, political censorship would do far more harm than good. But there is one form of censorship which they invite. If they are assured by their readers that reports of this or that case are offensive, such reports will not be published. It is to be hoped that we are nearing the end of one especially unpleasant murder case, but should another engage the attention of the police, either in New York or elsewhere, the newspaper readers can keep the worst details out of print. Whatever rules it follows or dispenses with, the modern newspaper feels itself bound to give the people what the people demand.

Our Professional Schools

ATTENTION is called on another page of this Review to the condition of the professional schools of our Catholic universities. On the whole, their progress is gratifying. Yet none know better than the authorities in these institutions that what has been done is but a tithe of what should be, and, were the necessary funds at command, would be done.

Seeing that with a few exceptions, the Catholic professional school can claim no ancient origin in this country, perhaps we complain too soon that not one has an endowment that is sufficient, and very few any endowment at all. Yet with all allowance made, it would seem that our professional schools must now consider either ways and means of arousing a public interest which in time will result in endowments, or ways and means of retiring from the scene with such grace as can be mustered. Five years ago, after a gallant struggle against a deficit annually increasing, the medical school of Fordham University, which in its brief career had contributed notably to the advance of science, was forced to close its doors. As a result, there is but one medical school, under Catholic auspices, along the Atlantic seaboard, and Eastern Catholics who seek an institution of this kind are often obliged to go to Milwaukee, Chicago, or St. Louis.

Fordham's experience shows plainly that the professional school which must rely on tuition fee, grants from other departments, and occasional gifts, is seriously hampered in its work. As for expansion, that is impossible. Financial institutions willing to lend money on a chance that the interest will be paid promptly and the capital as soon as possible, are forbidden by the law, while private individuals ready to encounter the same hazard are exceedingly rare.

The State and secular schools admit frankly that with-

out money there can be no professional training. New York University has begun a campaign for an endowment fund of \$73,000,000; Yale is asking \$20,000,000 for teachers' salaries, while Harvard seeks a modest \$5,000,000 to be added to the already large endowment of the law school. These figures are calculated to make the Catholic educator gasp, and on recovering from his astonishment to grow faintly green with envy. He thinks he would be amply blessed were his institution to receive the tenth part of these sums.

We are entering upon a new era, but many of our Catholic people are not aware of it. When our schools were staffed by Religious teachers the need of a productive endowment fund was not felt, since the services donated were equivalent to an endowment. But every year brings a larger accession of laymen to our faculties, for whom an adequate salary must be provided. Further, the religious teacher does not figure to any notable degree in the professional schools. In the medical school he is frequently found in the chair of ethics or of biology, and in the law school, he may be professor of ethics, jurisprudence, or canon law. Practically all other positions must be filled by laymen who have not taken a vow of poverty. If the university wishes to retain their services, it must be prepared to pay a salary and to furnish facilities for work and for research which equal those of the secular universities.

We rightly stress the importance of good medical schools, but the need of good law schools must not be overlooked. In this country men trained in the law have always taken the lead in the establishment and maintenance of good government. We now seem to be entering upon an era in which the State is to be regarded as the source and sanction of all rights and duties. Among the best defenses against this un-Christian and un-American doctrine is the law school which teaches, as every Catholic law school teaches, the political philosophy of the Declaration and the Constitution.

Are Vocations Decreasing?

AN interesting survey to ascertain the number of its students preparing for Holy Orders has been issued by Holy Cross College. "The usual assertion that vocations are not so numerous at Holy Cross as in times gone by is frequently made," writes the Dean of Discipline, the Rev. John D. Wheeler, S.J., but the survey shows "that at the present moment there are more Holy Cross men preparing for the priesthood than at any previous period." Of 3,184 graduates, 592 are clergymen, and 190 alumni, of whom 103 are graduates, are now studying for eighteen dioceses and four Religious Orders.

This record shows that "the College on the Hill is still the Alma Mater of many of the clergy." But it does not meet a difficulty recently proposed by Bishop Hafey of North Carolina, himself a graduate of Holy Cross, who said that the greatest obstacle in the path of Catholic education in this country was the lack of vocations to the teaching Orders. With this contention, Bishop Schrembs

of Cleveland, long a zealous worker for priestly and religious vocations, is in accord.

Some colleges, Holy Cross, for instance, continue to be fruitful mothers of consecrated men. In the absence of positive figures, it would not be fair to hold that any are failing in their duty; yet the fact remains that in spite of a greatly increased registration in our colleges, our diocesan and Religious priests, our teaching Sisters and Brothers, are still far too few for the work at hand. When a college which twenty-five years ago was accustomed to send four or five men annually to the seminary or novitiate, sends only four or five in 1926, although the number of its students has tripled or quadrupled, evidently there is an evil that calls for investigation. Probably there is not one diocese in the country which is amply supplied with priests. That many are pitifully understaffed is notorious. The simple fact that the teaching Orders of men and women have been obliged to call upon the laity to help in the colleges and high schools, shows that vocations are not increasing in the same proportion as the work.

How has this alarming condition come about?

A venerable priest recently remarked that while he did not care to decide whether the boys and girls of today were better or worse than the boys and girls of fifty years ago, he was quite sure that the present generation has a dozen ways of going astray for one that was open half a century ago.

Perhaps this observation has its bearing upon the decrease, or, more accurately, upon the lack of a proper increase in priestly and religious vocations. The spirit of the world, which is love of ease and of comfort and of self, turns many a young soul away from the life of perfection; and too often this spirit is fostered by fathers and mothers who consider themselves excellent Catholics. The world looks bright to inexperienced eyes, as Newman wrote, and there are none at home to show that this brightness is merely the glitter of tinsel. Yet of all the fearful responsibilities which can be incurred by parents, few are more dreadful in their consequences than that of preventing a son or daughter from following Christ in the higher vocation. As a rule, these young people, cheated of their proper place in life, find no happiness for themselves, and bring none to their parents.

To work against this worldly spirit is peculiarly the task of the Catholic school. While our young people should be encouraged to believe that God may honor some among them with a calling to the priesthood or to the Religious life, the best means of awakening and fostering this vocation is an uncompromisingly Catholic spirit in the school. The teaching of religion should take the first, not the last, place, and every means possible for the formation of character, for prayer and the reception of the Sacraments, should be afforded our young men and women. While God has often raised up marvelous vocations in an environment of moral muck, ordinarily the soil from which vocations spring is the truly Catholic home and the genuinely Catholic school.

An Irishman at Calles' Inauguration

JAMES WILLIAM FITZPATRICK

AT the inauguration, which was held in the stadium, the A. F. of L. delegates and the intelligentsia had their places assigned in the full glare of the sun, an eye-irritating compliment. Admission to the section was by card and the soldiers, swarming everywhere, saw to it that the Americans stayed put. The Corkonian took one look at the sun and decided he would not undergo the parboiling process of which the guests of the Republic of Mexico showed signs.

"Not for me!" he declared to the grumblers.

"What can we do?" they protested.

"Stay where you are like the sheep that you are!" was the advice he left them, as strolling his way through the ranks of soldiery, he marched straight away. A few moments later he was seen being bowed to a seat among the wounded heroes of the Revolution, who had the place of honor directly in front of the presidential stage and in the shade, by a bewildered officer whose chest sagged under the weight of the decorations he carried. He left before the ceremonies were over because, as he explained to the Polish Jew, whom he dragged off to a bullfight in the afternoon, he couldn't stand the peaceful atmosphere created by the standing army present to see that no one took a pot shot at the unanimous choice of the Mexican electorate. He withdrew from the fight after the first charge of the bull at a picador's horse with a vigorous statement to the assembled multitude that watching a dumb brute being disembowelled was not his idea of sport.

No one expected the Cork man would be permitted to enjoy the full time allotted for the stay of the Mexican nation's guests, their entertainment, their feeding, and their housing. It was freely predicted, that, under Article 33 of the Constitution (which concerns the treatment to be accorded foreign commentators on affairs in the country), he was sure to be dragged out of bed any moment, hustled off to a second-class railway carriage, taken to the border, and booted across. In this as in everything else he confused the prophets of gloom. He did depart before the festivities had been exhausted and this was the manner of his departure.

Early one morning he was routed out of bed by the Polish Jew, who was in dire distress.

"What is it now?" growled the Irishman.

"I need your help," pleaded the suppliant. "I cannot get my stuff on the wire for my paper and my people in New York will think I am dead. There is something of great importance happening this morning and I must get a story about it."

"Show them the guests' badge the Crom gave you," advised the Corkonian. "Tell them you're a brother! Tell them this is a free country! Act like Trotsky."

"I did and I have," explained the other. "But it's no use."

"What time is it?"

"Half-past nine."

The Irishman sat up in bed, his eyes blazing. "A nice cheek you've got to get me out of a sound sleep in the dead of night to help you report the rubbish that is going on here to a lot of morons back in the States. What is the tremendous event you are so determined to inform the waiting world about?"

"The presentation of a gold dinner service to retiring President Obregon by President Calles," was the answer. With a bound the Irishman left the bed.

"What!" he yelled. "What! Turn on my bath! Get me my clothes. I must see that!" He bathed in a rush and dressed in a frenzy, all the time laughing as if he would never stop.

"You can't go unless you have your invitation," warned the impromptu valet. "They won't let you in."

"They won't, eh?" shouted the Irishman. "The resources of civilization are not yet exhausted. Didn't I get you in to call on the Soviet ambassador, or whatever he is, the day before yesterday by showing the inside beadle your pass for the police lines in New York?" He fell on the bed in a fresh burst of merriment. "That *was* precious. I didn't believe myself it would work, but it did."

He threw himself into a morning coat and grabbed his hat. He rushed down the stairs and hailed a cab.

"Get in!" he ordered.

"But the invitation!"

"Get in!" repeated the Irishman. "How much to the *Teatro Esperanza*?" he demanded of the driver.

"*Dos pesos!*"

"Not a bit of it!" orated the passenger. "I am a guest of the nation! I am a friend of the downtrodden! I am a true internationalist! Therefore, the price will be one peso or—" he started as if to get out of the cab. The driver snatched at the coin and started his horse with a single movement. They rode a block and encountered a line of infantry. The perturbation of the correspondent shook the carriage. The Irishman bowed politely to the soldier whose rifle barred the way and flashed a piece of white pasteboard. The soldier saluted. The carriage drove on.

"I knew you had an invitation!" exclaimed the revived correspondent.

"I didn't say I had no invitation," said the Irishman as a detachment of cavalry blocked the entrance to the next street. Once more the Irishman bowed, flashed the white card, and was passed with another salute. The cab drew up before the entrance to the theater and the pair entered

between a double file of carabineers. There were carabineers in the lobby, carabineers in the aisles, carabineers in the wings, and probably in the "flies." The auditorium was crowded with generals, colonels, lieutenants and other armed friends of peace devouring the humanitarian spectacle of President Calles handing over to ex-President Obregon the gold dinner service which was to lighten his future weary hours as owner of the chick-pea monopoly in Sonora. When the deed was actually done the Irishman left the box filled with brigadiers from which he had witnessed the ceremony and made for the door followed by the reporter of social and industrial disturbances.

"Good-bye," said the Cork man to his puzzled companion. "I am leaving this country of peace, fraternity and liberty, as soon as I can get a train."

"But you have seen only a little," protested the other. "There is the reception to the American delegates at the palace of Chapultepec by President Calles, there is the meeting of the Pan-American Federation, there is a meeting of the friends of Russia—"

"I have seen all I wish to see," roared the Irishman. "I have seen what I never expected to see, a friend of the workers receiving a lot of gold soup-plates and butter-pats and gravy-boats from another representative of the poverty-stricken masses who have hitherto been exploited by capitalists, foreign imperialists, and other international suckers of the blood of the workers. And I have seen the deadliest thing said worker will ever encounter, exploitation by their professional friends. I have seen rifles, revolvers, cannon, swords, and knives all over the place. If this is peace and if this is a contented people, I am going back to Ireland and revive the Black and Tans."

"Haven't you seen anything at all you approved of?" asked the other. The Irishman thought carefully.

"Yes," he said at last. "I went down to Guadalupe yesterday and saw a little group of Indians from the interior doing a tribal dance in front of the church."

"That's one thing that will be stopped," said the Polish Jew. "No more superstition!"

"That's what you call it," sneered the Irishman. "I don't suppose you ever read a little book called 'Our Lady's Tumbler'? Or that you ever heard of 'Le Jongleur de Notre Dame'? I thought not. You wouldn't. Then you won't get the point of the dancing Indians. Anyway they mean it! Which is more than your friends and their uplifters do."

"Oh, I am not against religion," protested the other. "I visited the cathedral myself. I never saw so much gold in my life."

"That's not gold," jeered the Irishman. "If it was, the champions of the proletariat would have stolen it long ago. Well, good-bye again. I suppose the next time I hear of you, you'll be an authority on Mexican affairs. You ought to be. You have been here almost a week." He extended his hand.

"Good-bye, comrade," said the bondholder. "I don't know what I'll do without you. Is there anything I can do in return for what you have done for me?"

"You might quote me as saying that this is a fine revolutionary movement where the leader gets a gold service from his followers. Every real one I ever heard of got a rope necklace for his reward."

The correspondent broke into a howl. "That reminds me," he wailed. "How am I going to get my story on the wire?"

With a badly stifled grin the Irishman handed over the talismanic white card he had flashed on the infantrymen, the cavalrymen, and the carabineers in order to get to the gold service presentation. "That ought to do the work," he said, "provided the censor of this administration which is contracted to perfect freedom is as wide awake as the rest of the lot. Read it—and weep."

And following the advice, the potential expert on everything Mexican read the magic card. It said in bold black type:

THE MANAGEMENT
OF
THE EL DORADO RESTAURANT
INVITES
YOUR PATRONAGE.
THE BEST PLACE TO EAT IN EL PASO.

Cheerful Thoughts on Christmas

HILAIRE BELLOC

Copyright, 1926

WHEN I write anything for the season of Christmas nowadays, I find myself drifting into very unconventional backwaters. I hope it is not the sourness of age, nor the fatigue of age.

Whatever the reason may be, I do not find myself, as perhaps I should, in the plum-pudding-and-holly state of mind so much as in the spectatorial state of mind. I find myself looking on and musing upon the meaning of the things I see.

If I put down these musings haphazard and without order it will perhaps be best; for they come to me in that fashion.

The first thing my mind turns on is, how long the Christian feasts will continue in a non-Christian society, or, as I should prefer to put it, an anti-Christian society? For I think it foolish to disguise from ourselves the plain fact that in the societies which abandoned the Faith in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, the last supports of Christian doctrine are breaking down very rapidly indeed.

Of the doctrines themselves there is little left. Of the greater part of men and women, outside the Catholic Church, if you merely counted heads, I think you may say there is no belief left at all in the foundations of the Creed; while the minority, which still feel some attachment to some few of its doctrines, feel that attachment in a decreasing degree and more and more as a

vague, dissolving sentiment; less and less as a principle. The old feeling that the doctrines were sacred and intangible, and that attack upon them was intolerable, has so utterly passed that the modern generation does not even understand it.

But social customs survive the causes of their origins, and I am interested to consider how far the observation of Christmas outside the Catholic body will carry on. It will last our life-times, of that I am pretty certain. It will remain, perhaps, the longest of all the decaying Christian feasts in that non-Catholic part of the world which is hastening to paganism as fast as it can. The reason Christmas will thus linger is, I think, that it has become artificially connected with a certain sentiment more generally felt than that attaching to any other great feast.

Easter is the feast of the Resurrection. When the idea of the Resurrection has become ridiculous to most minds, no mere vague sentiment of renewal or of delight in the spring will perpetuate Easter. St. Michael's Mass and Our Lady's chief Feast and the Assumption, have already long ago lost their meaning in the societies of which I speak. So has St. John the Baptist's Day, which is the mid-summer day of believing men.

But Christmas was twisted, especially in England and America during the nineteenth century, into a new significance. Its commemoration of the Incarnation was lost; there was tacked on to it a new religion of general kindness towards people whom one had no particular reason for disliking; the feeling called "goodwill." And *that*, I think, has a fairly long life before it; perhaps a couple of generations or even more; and for this reason—that there is no immediate reason for its demise. It is a contemptible substitute for the great virtue of charity. It lacks fire, definition, and above all the sense of justice. It is a drift down the line of least resistance. The vague sentiment of general goodwill costs nothing. It has no heroic forms. It would never lead to going hungry that the poor might eat, or to overcoming grave physical repulsion that the unfortunate might be tended; still less has it any understanding of that essential distinction between the flaming hatred of the evil and the continued love of the evil-doer.

Another thing that this season of "peace and goodwill" inevitably provokes in me is a desire, which I can never be rid of, for the collecting and cataloguing of intellectual absurdities. The best use of wealth, I think, is the power it gives to employ a great host of secretaries who can be forever seeking out, cutting, clipping, sorting, pasting and filing with cross indexes the intellectual enormities of our time.

One of these absurdities attaches to Christmas. It is the enormity of misunderstanding *symbol* in the modern breakdown of intelligence. That enormity walks the earth like a monster. Things which our fathers in their time—or a little child in ours—could at once see, the adults of our time fail to see. The symbol is misunderstood in every sort of way: by being confused with the reality with which it is connected; by being regarded as a substitute for the reality with which it is connected; by being ac-

cepted as reality; by missing the connection between itself and reality.

Now Christmas, the date, December 25, is a symbol. There is more to be said for the idea that it *may* be (just possibly may be) an accurate traditional date, than is perhaps generally known. But, at any rate, the point of Christmas is obviously not in the identity of dates. The point is that to a particular date has been symbolically attached the commemoration of the birth of God into this world. Yet I will bargain that this Christmas more than last Christmas, and next Christmas more than this Christmas, we shall have a great standing crop of false allusion in the press to the nature of that symbol; the more erudite of the half-educated will tell us that the origin is Mithraic; the less erudite (and they are the less noxious) that it is of Sun-worship; the still less erudite (and they are even less noxious) that it is the Mid-winter Northern Feast, and that on this account southerners have never really taken to it.

Then we shall have the people who get their values and proportions at sixes and sevens and who tell us that however much we may differ about the Incarnation, we can at least all agree to feel comfortable and sloppy towards one another, and that this is the season for such pap.

Then we shall have the people who point out with pride that Christmas falls on the same date every year, and with sorrow that Easter is still barbarically observed on a shifting date, to the great inconvenience of money-making, let alone of taking crowded holidays on beaches black with trippers, and of other supreme human affairs.

These Easter people, by the way, these reformers of the movable Easter, I will call the Neoquartodecimans. It is a nice long word, of the sort they like to apply to other people, and which one can indulge in, therefore, in the happy mood of "You're another." Moreover, it is accurate. For though they have not any such noble motive as the original Quartodecimans, still less any idea of appealing to the Apostle St. John (whose writings they believe to be spurious), yet they arrive at the same result—and the Lord have mercy on their souls!

Enormity will walk the earth during Christmas week. I shall watch it go past my window, and wish I had a gun. But meanwhile the greatest enormity of all will not be visible. It is a negative thing, far larger than all the rest. It is the passage of all for which Christmas once did really stand, even for men outside the Faith.

Already the little monuments of Christian Christmas, the naive cards and pictures, are half forgotten, and the doctrine itself upon which such things were based is dissipated and has gone; *and without anybody noticing it.*

In this last, alas! is the essence of the whole affair, and the dreadful import of it. There has been hardly any defense, hardly any resistance; the last remainder of the Creed by which we were made, and in the lack of which we will perish, has been allowed to slip away unnoticed like the last few coins of a fortune dissipated by a man so debauched as to have lost his memory.

Mayhap we shall restore it: we of the Faith. No one else can. But we have our work cut out.

"Science," the Ally of Bigotry

DANIEL J. MCKENNA

WE Americans, through the influence of our press, are peculiarly at the mercy of ready-made thought, if such an adjective and such a noun be not mutually contradictory. We are no more gullible or less skeptical than other peoples, although we believe more things, true and false, than they do. Our condition arises from the efficiency with which ideas and pseudo-ideas are fed to us. Excessive credulity is not an exclusively American trait. It is only a trait which has been artificially developed in us to a greater extent than in any other people.

One of the catchwords which has seized American fancy is "reformer"; it describes almost any person with whom its user does not agree. Not content with giving us the word "reformer," the press has given us a picture of the creature himself. The reformer, if we are to believe the testimony of those gentlemen who draw cartoons, is an elongated person of funereal appearance. He wears one of those dread relics of Victorianism known as a Prince Albert. His stovepipe hat is encircled with a tasty band of crepe. His fingers are hidden in cotton gloves and his feet in congress gaiters. He sometimes wears whiskers, in the style which recently inspired a lawsuit for libel, and his eyes have become so feeble, from reading blue-laws, that he must wear blue glasses. He frequently carries an antique umbrella and a volume suggestive of a copy of the annotated code or of the King James' Version. Taking him all in all, he has a decidedly clerical air. Catholics, however, need not worry. He is never pictured as belonging to us.

This is a reformer, as our journalistic caricaturists have sketched him. I have never met such a person and never expect to, yet I know that many persons believe in his existence, just as in that of the timid little duffer tagged the "Common People" or of those florid twins, "Big Business" and the "Wets."

At the risk of attacking a pleasant superstition, I must deny that the picture is complete.

Another type of reformer should be added. Like Proteus, he might be shown in various forms, bending over a test-tube in a laboratory, measuring mental reactions in a class in experimental psychology, or drawing fantastic and imaginative word pictures of the descent of man. "Science" is just as responsible as misguided religious zeal for the present intolerance in America.

The fact that the press frequently caricatures the parson, but never the scientist, shows where the respect of the American people really lies. "Science" is something tangible. Its achievements come home to every person, even the most illiterate. Its acolytes have chained the lightning and have trapped the elements more completely than Aeolus bagged the winds. Radio, aeroplanes, telephones, steamships, and the innumerable other contribu-

tions to man's material comfort are particularly acceptable to America, with its worship of material accomplishment. They mean more to our people than do the spiritual considerations of religion. A representative of religion may be mocked with impunity because so few educated persons, outside the Catholic Church, regard him as more than a concession to sentimental tradition. But science is sacrosanct. The savant need only wag his locks impressively and say: *Noli me tangere!* The public may not understand, but, like that medieval musician in the presence of Doctor Bull, of whom Lanier tells, it will fall down and adore him.

What is the purpose of "reform" in general? It is simply to make humanity conform to some pre-conceived standard of excellence.

Bigotry supplies the standard. But "science" comes along and tells bigotry that this standard can be reached. Bigotry tries to force its own prejudices down the throats of those who would not eat. But "science" encourages bigotry by telling the latter that the unwelcome diet is digestible.

Science is accustomed to deal with exact forces which eternally produce exact results. Two added to two will equal four a thousand years hence, just as it does today and did one thousand years ago. Two atoms of hydrogen unite with one atom of oxygen and form water. They always did and they always will. Certain electrical forces are set in motion and hundreds of miles away a motor revolves, a lamp lights or a loudspeaker emits music.

The savant in his laboratory or library can predict these results with exactness. He need not take into account the vagaries of some individual mathematical or chemical unit. He need not consider the private inclinations of an insubordinate electrical current. The numbers will stand side by side, like well-drilled soldiers. The chemical elements will offer no objection to their union. The electricity will obey more submissively than any fabled slave of the lamp. The scientist can take a given physical cause and say that from it a certain result will follow, not as a matter of possibility or probability, but inevitably.

If science were satisfied with exactness in its proper physical sphere, all would be well. But it is more ambitious. It transforms itself, and tries to extend its principles of material exactitude to spiritual man. Belief in the spiritual has been almost universally swept aside by modern men of philosophy and research. The concept of such a thing as a human soul has been discarded by them as quaint but antiquated. The idea that man is a rational animal, having free-will and therefore independence of action, is treated as a relic of that medieval incumbus, Scholastic Philosophy. Man is held to be no more able to control his own actions than is the numerical unit, the atom or the electrical current. Thought in this country

is almost wholly materialistic. It has no place for a spirit, even a *spiritus frumenti*.

Man, according to present ideas in this country, is little more than a complicated machine, with his conduct determined by external forces over which he has no mastery. The belief that he can control his own actions, irrespective of these forces, is sneered at as "metaphysical." As long as these forces are subject to no orderly arrangement, he must be buffeted around like a rudderless vessel. But if they could be harnessed and guided along pre-established lines, they, in turn, would drive him in a consequentially exact direction.

In other words, man lives in an unregulated world. He is the victim of innumerable conflicting influences. No one can predict his destination because no one can observe all the influences which propel him. The parallelogram of forces which these influences have produced is invisible. But if enough of the forces which tend to push man westward, for example, could be marshalled so as to exert a single pressure, superior to that of the forces pushing him in other directions, man would travel westward by necessity, without deviation or delay.

Of course, under that old scholastic theory, we are told, he could step to one side or stand still. He might be even perverse enough to retreat crabwise. But under our fine, modern, scientific determinism, he cannot exercise free-will because he has none. He must be swept along with the current. Everyone admits, in view of the history of similar theories, that Determinism will be considered obsolete in a generation or two. But it serves its purpose bravely enough while it lasts.

False religion has given the world many shocking examples of intolerance. But intolerance of this kind at least realized man's essential limitations. It realized that he is an "ornery critter" at best and that he could never be made perfect in this life. In other words, bigotry eventually became tolerant out of sheer weariness.

"Science" recognizes no such limitations. When emotional bigotry becomes discouraged and begins to question whether it is possible to reform man completely, "science" encourages the disappointed zealot. (I put "science" in quotation marks because after all it is not *really* science.) It knows no such thing as a necessary evil. It has never heard of the doctrine of Original Sin. It says that man is a creature only of his glands, complexes, vitamins and other natural elements. Change these, it promises, and you can change man's desires and ambitions, his motives and beliefs, his vices and his virtues, his very nature itself.

The Ku Klux Klan, the Anti-Saloon League, and the other "Anti" organizations would long ago have given up their hope of remaking America had they truly believed in the freedom of the will. But they feel capable of altering the national life so that everyone will agree with their ideals and "science" has told them that their expectation is justified. This is the explanation of modern, large scale propaganda. Man, a helpless leaf in the forest of circumstance, can be swept in any direction by properly controlled winds. He who learns the secret of

this control will hold the destiny of mankind in his hand.

This is the dictum of the materialistic savant. This is the encouragement which he holds out to the misguided zealot. The spiritual considerations are ignored. The matter of free-will is ignored. Mankind is to be handled as impersonally as the scientist handles his numbers or his chemicals or his current of electricity. And since intelligence, even if it be perverted intelligence, must always dominate mere sentiment, this is why attempts at alleged reform are so persistently made in America, in spite of their continued and repeated failure.

Straining the Quality of Mercy

HARVEY WICKHAM

JUST to what degree is worldly failure to be considered a crime? Once the question could not have been asked. Crime was supposed to have a black core, theologically known as sin, and sin was generally believed to imply an imperfection in one's relations with God. Now it seems to mean a misunderstanding with one's banker or an inability to get into "Who's Who." A new criterion is being applied, and in a way which will probably cause profound astonishment to those good people who depend upon the daily newspapers for their news and quickly forget the great bulk of that—often with considerable advantage to their minds.

The science of human betterment began with an excellent purpose, but it made the mistake of not taking the trouble to find out clearly whither it was bound. You may know exactly what you mean when you say "better," but your neighbor will not know unless he knows what you consider good, and why. The science in question, however, having elected to call itself Eugenics, felt ready to set sail. The port in view was not in view, exactly, but, they said, must be somewhere below the horizon. Besides, the object of any science is to reach the truth, and the way to reach it is to watch and see what comes—all of which was precisely like starting on an ocean voyage without chart or rudder.

Now one of the strangest things in nature is the path taken by a rudderless vessel, perhaps because, strictly speaking, a rudderless ship is outside of nature. It is a delusion. There is a helm and a guiding hand, visible or not, to the wildest barque that ever turned blindly before stupid winds. Yet, to the merely human eye, the course of the Flying Dutchman is unpredictable, and unbelievable are the harbors of which it comes in sight.

Not for long did Eugenics remain without giving some further sign of *its* destination. Crime and insanity are hereditary, it announced, and it would abolish them. Asked for a definition of crime and insanity, and for a description of the method with which it proposed to cope with heredity, it mildly suggested that marriages should be controlled, while crime and insanity—everybody knew what they were.

I remember a correspondence I had a few years ago with a well-known writer on the subject, in which I pressed him to be more specific. And I finally succeeded

in getting a declaration from him to the effect that the essence of crime was non-conformity. He had hit the nail squarely on the head. That is the essence of crime exactly, non-obedience to some law. But what law? Here my correspondent showed that he was entirely at sea. He could refer to nothing but the statute law momentarily in effect in the place where the crime was committed.

The rudderless predicament of a science was never more clearly demonstrated. For surely a willingness to conform to any and every statute which a human legislature anywhere might see fit to pass, would be a curious test of human virtue. And as to insanity, he was willing to leave that to the doctors, even after I reminded him that Prof. Lombroso, just then quite prominent, was a doctor, and had pronounced insanity as practically synonymous with genius. I knew better than to remind him that some of the saints had been pronounced insane—by doctors. It would have pleased him too well.

The other eugenic pronouncement, that marriages should be controlled, failed, when stated that way, to arouse much attention from anybody—for one reason because marriages have always been controlled to a certain extent, the very institution implying control of some sort. Even the Church has done its eugenic bit by seeking to control marriage, and if a man be free anywhere to marry his grandmother it is not in a Catholic country.

But this vagueness has at last disappeared. A port, however unlooked for, looms into view, and we know now where we are going for we have almost arrived. Prof. Lewis M. Terman has written what critics term "a monumental book," entitled "Genetic Studies of Genius," recently published by Stanford University. It forms the basis of a series of articles by Mr. Albert Edward Wiggam, now running in the *World's Work*, where the curious reader may find not only Prof. Terman's data but a number of arguments and conclusions of Mr. Wiggam's own.

Unfitness, we now learn (and I mean it literally) is indeed to be measured by inability to get into "Who's Who" and similar volumes, and the war against unfitness has not only declared itself to be (again literally) a war to the knife, but is already sanctioned by law and practice in no less than twenty-three states of the Union.

I confess that I was astounded to discover, only the other day and from the chance reading of an essay by J. B. Eggen (an opponent of the eugenic philosophy and a contributor to *Current History* for September), that 6,244 citizens of the United States have, without public clamor, been legally pronounced unfit to leave their impress upon future generations, and rendered incapable of disobeying the judicial ukase by surgical interference. California claims 4,636 of these cases (in at least one of which the sentence was for "drunkenness").

But it remained for Prof. Terman, and more especially for his exponent, Mr. Wiggam, clearly to indicate the far voyage upon which it is proposed to take the race. Crime and insanity were but island stops on the way. The grand harbor is the elimination of everybody who is not considered a credit to society, merit and demerit marks

to be awarded by the dominant element of the society in question. In the United States as at present constituted that could only mean the Puritanic, Protestant, moralistic, dry and pietistic Nordic.

Prof. Terman confines himself chiefly to collecting material and giving a new trend to the inquiry. It is Mr. Wiggam who suggests what action should be taken. Yet Mr. Wiggam is a soft-spoken gentleman with a voice like anything but a pirate's, and he beguiles us at the beginning—shanghai's us, so to speak—with an interesting discussion of the old legend regarding the poor country boy and his supposed chance of becoming distinguished. It is not much of a chance, a formidable array of statistics is brought out to prove. The advantage all lies with city children. Three per cent of the people (those belonging to the professional classes) have in America produced nearly one-half of our artists. Likewise, one-third of the population (described as being above early struggles) have been responsible for three-fourths of America's writers.

To quote directly from Prof. Terman himself, "Superior intelligence is approximately five times as common among children of superior social status as among children of inferior social status." Gone is the chimera, the self-made man, and our foolish belief in the presidential possibilities of rail-splitting and selling newspapers.

To clinch the matter and give it a thoroughly international character, Dr. Cyril Burke, the English psychologist, devised a problem which he put before various classes of school children. Slum children required an average of 123 seconds to arrive at a solution, while merchants' children took but 91, and "the children of professors and bishops" (doubtless Anglican bishops) 74 seconds. Nor do I wish to conceal the fact, vouched for in one of Mr. Wiggam's articles, that "in the general run of people there is one eminent man out of every four thousand," while "among the sons of English judges there is one eminent man out of every eight."

It would be interesting if we could pause here to criticize the method. All of the "famous" biologists and psychologists and sociologists upon whose findings these arguments are based, took their successful men either from "Who's Who," some dictionary or biography, or measured it frankly in dollars and cents, and it might be suggested that not all desirable human traits are those which lead to wealth or conspicuous position. Attention might also be called to one strange omission. *No Lives of the Saints* are consulted to show the effect of poverty and self-denial upon the growth of holiness. The nearest approach to it is Prof. Terman's statement that nearly all gifted children come from good homes.

But Mr. Wiggam hurries on and we must hurry with him, for more horrendous matters are in store. Readers of Genesis have long been familiar with the fact that every living creature bringeth forth after its kind, and I call attention to this comforting corroboration merely because another school of psychologists flatly denies it, holding that what we call heredity is merely environment of a very early variety. Incidentally, they carefully limit

themselves to the mind, all but the toughest of them, not yet being quite ready to explain the difference between a Negro and a Chinaman in purely educational terms.

Mr. Wiggam even goes so far in the direction of Genesis as to quote with approval from Adams Wood's "The Diminishing Influence of Environment," wherein it is held that as we come up in the scale from the amoeba there is an increasing ability of the individual to mould circumstances to suit himself. Good old amoeba! He always gives me the feeling, when I meet with him in an argument, that the digging down for the foundation has been thoroughly done. And he is always with us these days—unlike the poor, who, under eugenic treatment, seem about to disappear.

But a freshening wind fills our sails and bids us on. Under democracy, it appears (Wiggam, now, not Wood) that the poor are being bled white and ever whiter through the opportunity given to the best of them to mount the ladder to something better still, leaving the poor to their poverty and shame. We should, I suppose, have retained the Indian caste system if we had known what we were about. But it is too late now to correct that error; and so there are slums, inhabited, our author assures us, decade after decade by about the same people and their descendants. What shall we do? Adopt the custom of ancient Greece and Rome, and expose unlikely infants to the inclemency of the weather? Nothing so abrupt. Nor can we do much in regard to slum-dwellers already in being. But we can prevent their having descendants and thus perpetuating the dreadful virus of not being able to get along. Or, in Mr. Wiggam's own words:

"Nothing on earth would improve the condition of the poor as much or so permanently (*sic*) as decreasing their numbers." And again: "Just in so far as democracy works successfully in giving the masses opportunity, it defeats its own end, biologically." And yet again: "Democracy and liberalism will fail and plunge men back periodically into a social and intellectual *Dark Ages* [the italics are mine] unless they have the will and vision to provide a constant and adequate eugenical remedy for the biological disaster brought about by their own success."

It is easy to see that Mr. Wiggam is planning for an army in which all are generals. Poverty, inconspicuousness, slummishness, are after all relative terms. No sooner have you eliminated one grade than you are logically bound to eliminate another. There will remain no hewers of wood and drawers of water—as if the world could exist for a day deprived of these blessed and humble "failures," whose exclusion from "Who's Who" is somewhat offset by their large inclusion in certain beatitudes once pronounced from a mountain top in Galilee. In the eugenic Eutopia no more shall it be said, "If one cannot paint, one must grind the colors." All must paint, or become as the barren fig tree. The quality of mercy is to be strained—and through a sectarian sieve.

But if the poor are to be eliminated, why not the recalcitrant? Why not those, who, in the old phrase of Grover Cleveland, show "offensive partisanship"—for some cause not approved of by the ruling party? Granted the

principle, why should Protestants tolerate Catholics, or Baptists Presbyterians, or Old-school Baptists New-school Baptists? Why, even should Prof. Terman and Mr. Wiggam tolerate Mr. Eggen? Or, for that matter, Prof. Terman Mr. Wiggam himself? If we are to have uniformity of this sort, let us have it. Let there be a driving from life's stage, and—well we know who it is who is usually called upon to take the hindmost.

Education

Catholic Professional Schools in 1926

FRANCIS M. CROWLEY

THE returns from the 1926 survey of Catholic schools, conducted by the Department of Education of the National Catholic Welfare Conference, yield some interesting data on the various professional schools included in the Catholic school system. Since surveys have been conducted biennially since 1920, the returns for 1920, 1922 and 1924 supply data which enable us to determine the growth of this class of schools during the past six years. This account will do much, through laying special emphasis on the number and variety of our professional schools, to enlighten those Catholics who think that only a liberal education can be secured in a college or university controlled by the Church. Even casual examination of the data presented here indicates that anyone interested in securing a professional education under Catholic auspices would experience little difficulty in doing so.

The survey of 1922 showed that there were 117 independent schools or departments of colleges and universities offering courses of training in professional subjects. By 1924 the number had increased to 139. The returns for the 1925-26 school year showed that there were 128 in operation at that time. Despite this loss of 11 institutions during the two-year period, 1924-1926, there was a marked increase, 846, in the number of instructors employed. In 1922 there were 1,781 instructors; in 1924, 1,936, and 2,782 in 1926. This means that in 1925-26 there was one instructor for every ten students enrolled, since there were approximately 25,000 students in attendance during that period. In 1926, there were 2,149 lay and 505 religious instructors employed in professional schools; in other words, the number of religious instructors employed in professional schools was equal to only one-quarter of the number of lay instructors.

In 1922, 18,716 students—17,315 men and 1,401 women—were reported. By 1924 the number had increased to 22,213; 18,276 of whom were men and 3,937 women. In 1926, 24,999 students—19,418 men and 5,581 women—were reported. The 18 per cent increase in enrolment between 1922 and 1924, approximately 3,500 students, was largely due to the greater number of women enrolled. In other words, while the returns for men showed an increase in enrolment of 961, or 5.4 per cent, the number of women students indicated an increase of 2,536, or 180 per cent. In 1926, the number of women enrolled in-

creased by 42 per cent, while the number of men increased by only six per cent. In 1924, the unusual increase in the number of women students was almost wholly confined to the graduate schools and departments of education; in 1926, the returns showed marked losses in the graduate schools, with unusual increases in schools of education and commerce and finance.

Of the 126 schools or departments in operation in 1926, 24 were schools of commerce and finance; 6, dentistry; 24, education; 9, engineering; 27, graduate arts and sciences; 6, journalism; 21, law; 5, medicine, and 6, pharmacy. Schools of commerce and finance reported the highest enrolment, 6,564; 5,713 of whom were men and 851 women. School of law came second with 5,888, 5,681 of whom were men and 207 women. Other schools reported the following enrolments: Education, 4,216—572 men and 3,644 women; dentistry, 1,895—1,887 men and 8 women; medicine, 1,771—1,744 men and 27 women; engineering, 1,675 men; graduate arts and sciences, 1,670—1,094 men and 576 women; pharmacy, 868—849 men and 19 women; journalism, 452—203 men and 249 women. Of the 24,999 students enrolled, 78 per cent were men and 22 per cent women. The schools of commerce and finance, education and law cared for 66 per cent of the total number of students in professional schools. The schools reporting gains between 1924 and 1926 were: Education, 83 per cent; medicine, 23; commerce and finance, 14; journalism, 13; engineering, 7; pharmacy, 5; law, 4. Losses were reported by graduate schools and schools of dentistry. The marked increases shown in schools of education, medicine, commerce and finance, and journalism are worthy of note.

Some of the larger enrolments reported in 1926 by the various schools were as follows: Fordham University Law School, 1,500; School of Education, De Paul University, Chicago, 1,400; School of Commerce and Finance, Pittsburgh, 1,200; School of Medicine, St. Louis University, 500; College of Dentistry, Loyola University, Chicago, 700; School of Pharmacy, Fordham, 600; Foreign Service School, Georgetown University, 600; School of Engineering, Marquette University, 400. Many other institutions care for almost as many students in their different professional schools. Those mentioned serve to indicate the number of students in the different classes of schools.

The great expense involved in maintaining some of the professional schools is apparent from the fact that in schools of medicine there is one instructor for every three students; in schools of dentistry one for every six; in schools of engineering one for every ten, and in schools of pharmacy one for every fifteen. While it is true that all of these instructors are not employed on a full-time basis, it must be evident that tuition fees alone will not care for expenditures. Moreover, these are the schools which call for huge expenditures for equipment and in which replacement costs are staggering. Consequently, many institutions have been harassed during the past decade by the prospect of curtailing or discontinuing their work in the field of professional education. Sufficient endowment must be secured for the schools now in existence

and for the establishment of new schools, if the Church is to hold its own in the professional field, particularly in dentistry and medicine. Three years ago, Loyola University, Chicago, secured control of the Chicago College of Dental Surgery; in 1923, Little Rock College, Little Rock, Arkansas, opened a department of pharmacy, and in 1925 Duquesne University in Pittsburgh established a school of pharmacy. This represents the sum total of Catholic advance in the fields of pharmacy, dentistry and medicine during the past six years. And we must not forget that Fordham Medical School was closed in 1921 because of lack of funds. Therefore, while we have reason to be proud of what has been done in the professional field the outlook with regard to a certain group of schools in this field is not so encouraging.

This resumé shows that Catholic educators have adjusted their programs to care for the worthwhile educational demands of the present generation. Most of the schools of journalism, commerce and finance, law and education have been established during the past few years. These schools have afforded the Church many new opportunities for service, since it is estimated that 30 per cent of all students in Catholic colleges are non-Catholics. It is possible for the Church to extend the sphere of her influence through those trained in her institutions even though they do not own her allegiance. America needs professional men and women trained under Catholic auspices, for even in the ordinary discharge of their duties they can do a tremendous amount of good. The training provided by the Church, based on sound ethical principles, places them in an excellent position to contribute their part to the general uplift of the professional standards in their particular field.

UNDER AN IRISH LARK

When, jars unsealed
And trumpet pealed,
We stir at heaven's quake
To even wake;

And, grade by grade,
We've all obeyed
Our apperceiving past,
As each the blast;

What rapturous
Delight for us,
O bird elect, to be
Love's choice like thee!

To soar on high,
Spurn nether sky,
And laud the Orient
In His descent:

To meet the Slain,
Dawn-red; to gain
The Lover's Side, O lark,
And so Its Mark!

As even thou
But visioned now
Of sun, for having swooned
In Dayspring's Wound.

FRANCIS CARLIN.

Sociology**Trying to Exterminate War and Crime**

WARFIELD WEBB

THE increasing efforts to combat both war and crime, giant evils of the human race, do not appear to make very much progress. No doubt, like the poor, they will always be with us while men inhabit the earth. While it is commendable to observe the efforts being made to counteract or at least to minimize these plagues, and to take passing note of the sincerity of many who are so deeply in earnest regarding their ultimate extermination, the sad part is that failure must be their reward, to a great extent.

It is always commendable to work for the uplift of mankind. It is noble to seek to relieve men of evils that not only harm the soul, but do injury to both mind and body. But not infrequently the labors are in vain and the effort so much wasted energy. That some good can accrue from every sincere and well directed effort no one will deny. Even the man or woman who fights alone to overcome war and crime will be rewarded to a limited degree.

But the great stumbling blocks, greed, avarice, selfishness, graft and jealousy, seriously mar the results that might otherwise be made for betterment. And this easily accounts for the lack of more adequate results.

Suspicion enters into the subject too. Every well-intentioned effort at once arouses the opposition of many who are eager to cry down the individual or force that would seek to make men better, and to curb the great evils of war and crime. This applies both to the Christian man or woman, and to the individual who simply desires to make the world better for humanity's sake.

Without the stimulus of Faith, however, to give men the fullest conception of right and wrong, and to make them act as creatures made in the image and likeness of God, of improvement that is permanent, little can be expected. And it will demand faith of the uncommon kind to make men big and broad enough to rise above themselves and their weak, selfish natures.

Hence we talk of peace and prate about the horrors of war and the gravity of crime, and make but little progress toward the reduction of either. We seem to think that man will become virtuous and God-loving by the mere asking, and forget that it requires more than the mere assertion "I believe," or "I promise to do right," in order that men will live according to the ideals that make for real achievement.

Hopes and wishes and dreams alone do not make human kind better. These longings of the heart do not change men's minds, so that they will become either virtuous or noble. Virtue is only instilled where there is an earnest and unceasing desire to do right. But when men trust themselves and banish God from their lives and deliberations, they have but small reason to hope that either crime will be lessened or war cease.

Our present day mode of living does not encourage men to live better lives. The love of wealth, of dress, of ease, the folly of fashion, the higher disregard for morals, the pampering of the body, and the freedom of conduct, with its presumed "independence" cannot but lead men and women farther and farther from the path of rectitude.

What hope have we of counteracting the evils of war or crime when such conditions obtain? Money-love and sensuality cannot but beget crime. Greed and selfishness are bound to encourage the desire for war. Men are not given to seeking ideals when the heart is hardened to the higher and more noble things of life.

Are we progressing in virtue or in greater love of humanity? We cry from the housetops that we love our neighbor, but at the slightest cause we are at his throat ready to throttle him. We cry down the horrors of crime, and laugh at the causes that can remove it. Our reforms are too frequently a mockery, and laws are made the jest of the public. Shall we hope thus to stem the criminal or leash the dogs of war?

That would be an ideal condition—an existence free from both war and crime. But it will demand more than hopes, and far more than the efforts of many of our so-called reformers and peace-makers, to make possible the first step toward this goal. Men do right, not from selfish motives, but only in order to imitate Him, who came to banish war and crime, and to set the example for poor weak mortals. He would banish all evil through love—the love that passeth human understanding.

And here is the secret of all that is good and true in life. Love conquers many evils; in truth it is love that makes life both here and beyond the grave something worth while. But we must not confuse the term with so many meanings to which some are wont to apply to this much-abused word. True love comes from God. It was His great love, which can never be fully grasped, that prompted Him to send His only Son to take upon Himself our poor human nature, and to sacrifice Himself for all mankind. With arms outstretched upon the cross, as though to embrace every living creature, He would draw all things unto Himself.

So it is He who has set the simple example for each of us to follow. But how often do we fail miserably. We permit our petty jealousies, our trivial whims to smother the love that should be our uppermost thought, our sole aim in life. We crush this beautiful sentiment, this innermost of God's gifts to mankind, and evil thoughts and dark deeds supplant that love.

What is true of individuals is true in its degree of groups of people. If the individual were at heart filled with the love that is God-given, would it not follow that nations would be of like heart?

Crime is the act of the individual, but crime can also be cumulative. It can become the act of a large body of individuals, and thus the harm which is to be the result of this larger evil power, becomes more menacing.

But until God and His laws are looked upon as the

foundation of all our acts, we will grope heedlessly in the dark. Until love, the love of Christ, enters our hearts and continues to dwell therein, we may not even hope to make mankind better. Nor can we stem the tide of evil that to-day, despite all our boasted progress, threatens to engulf international as well as domestic peace and good order.

With Scrip and Staff

The
Pilgrim

THE Pilgrim is not a wanderer. His path is rambling, and sometimes his way is cloudy, since this is a world of hills and valleys, lights and shadows. The "Detour" sign appears as one is bowling along the King's Highway, and forces a painful climb in low-gear over plowed fields and sand-pits. Nevertheless there is a Goal. The road, wherever it leads, is the Homeward Road, *in Patriam*. To the peace of the Father's House in eternity, to the fullness of Catholic life in time, as the preparation for that Home, tend all Catholic events and activities. The lessons drawn by the Pilgrim from what he may note and comment upon by the wayside, things to be shunned as well as things to be admired, are all lessons in the great art of the Homeward Voyage, that may be some guide to others, as well as to himself, "until we all meet . . . unto the measure of the age of the fullness of Christ."

A Spirituai
"Houdini"

NO one knows: possibly no one ever will know, how Houdini did his "Houdini's." He succeeded in standing on his head under water, encased in a glass coffin, for an hour and a half. The only hint he dropped was that suffocation could be staved off by taking extremely small breaths. The Pilgrim tried this once in a Pennsylvania Railroad tunnel, but the remedy was worse than the disease. However some seem to be able to do this feat in the spiritual world which is so difficult in the physical order. Mr. Carl Van Doren, in the December *Forum*, manages quite calmly to take a completely inverted view of life, to seal himself in the coffin of doubt, and stay submerged. He is welcome, of course, to the experiment. Nevertheless, it is a forced position. The declarations of the avowed unbeliever would not command much attention, were they not forced. Were he to breathe naturally, he could no longer seal his eyes and ears to the obvious facts of human instinct, for man's nature turns to belief in God and in the world to come by its very essence. "No wish," says Mr. Van Doren, "is evidence of anything beyond itself. Let millions hold it, and it is still only a wish." But once you assume that men are all fooled about the main values in human life, your position is so strained, so un-human, that to try to keep it up will simply corrode your own life, your home, and the society which you take for granted. The same agnostic declares

that he can find neither meaning nor justice in life. His kinswoman's novel, reviewed in last week's *AMERICA*, shows unbelief as a total solvent of the home. Were the same process of doubt allowed to eat into the heart of our American society, the unbelievers would be the first to cry in distress at the sheer human misery it would entail.

Plain Talk to
Freethinkers

MEN who have really at heart the welfare of their fellow-beings can see the solvent evil of infidelity. Signor Bodrero, Fascist Deputy and Rector of the Royal University of Padua, had no trouble in plainly telling a convention of Freethinkers, recently held in Rome, that according to the National Government of Italy "the only possible form of ethics is that which Jesus Christ laid down in the Gospel and as it is presented in the Ten Commandments, in the Catechism, in interpretation, tradition and in Catholic teaching." This is rather strong talk to give men who cannot make up their minds whether there really is such a thing as ethics after all,—men who enjoy toying with ideas that their "courage" could never stand seeing reduced to actual practice. That human life is no play, but a man's work, was told them by Deputy Bodrero when he explained to the astonished delegates that the laws restoring the Crucifix and religion to its place were being applied and enforced at this moment in Italy, and to take that thought home with them to reflect upon.

The New Ally of
Christian Art

SIGNOR BODRERO agrees with Father Schwertner that it is not enough to talk about the big truths that are bound up with our happiness. They must be brought home to all who can see and hear. Bishop Hafey and Father Irwin, down in North Carolina, tell that they have found the good people there ready to listen indefinitely to explanations of Catholic doctrines and practice. But that fine steadiness of mind is not found everywhere. The eye is its portal for most men, and non-Catholics are making use of it to an extent to which as yet we have not caught up. Dean Howard Robbins, of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, in New York, pointed out at a recent service which was supplemented by motion pictures:

The Church is beautified by all the arts; it is enriched and diversified by modern inventions—it has used the radio, and now it comes to the motion picture.

Since the first Christians made use of the methods of pagan art, even of the figures of the pagan gods, in their rude attempts to portray the truths of religion, it does not seem strange that modern Christians should make use of an artistic ally which has already been proved to be a powerful vehicle of religious teaching. By it we can show the Church actually at work, as is being done by the D.R.A.C. in Paris.

THE PILGRIM.

Literature

The Short Stories of Quiller-Couch

JOSEPH J. REILLY

AMONG those who know, Arthur Quiller-Couch is always referred to as Q. He is a poet, romanticist, a short-story writer, an anthologist, and a critic, and in each of these fields he has proved himself a skillful workman, possessed of grace, cleverness, and distinction.

The circle of Q's admirers widened enormously when he was invited to supply the final chapters of "St. Ives," the romance which Stevenson left unfinished at his death, but Q has since been heard to lament that he ever put his hand to the task. One suspects that the hypercritical made too many comparisons between the two men thus put by fate into double-harness and saw in Q not merely a disciple but one who lagged far behind his master. Whatever Q's achievement gained him as an advertisement he paid for by injured pride.

Beyond question Q is more than a casual Stevensonian. He has studied the Scotch wizard to good purpose, has learned some of his "tricks," caught more than a little of his manner and spirit, and, true to the Stevensonian ideal, he has achieved a style which belongs unmistakably to the English literary tradition. Moreover he finds the past intriguing, there is a savor to all he writes, and he tells a tale with an air.

Q, like Stevenson, has written short-stories of adventure, and he has skipped nimbly across the centuries to find them a setting. The "Miracle of the White Wolf," a tale of castaways from Juteland, he placed in the fourteenth century; "D'Arfet's Vengeance" early in the fifteenth; "The Lady of the Ship" in the sixteenth; "The Poisoned Ice" in the late seventeenth. As for the eighteenth, he loves it as much as Stevenson the romanticist and selects it for the setting of more than half a dozen short tales.

Q's adventure stories are told with verve and due attention to (alleged) documented details. They are entertaining, of course (Q could never be dull), and they display an occasional touch, poetic, picturesque, or psychologically keen, which fills the reader with delight. But they have one outstanding weakness: Q's imagination is vivid enough in conception but flags in execution; and his richest promise is seldom fulfilled. He "realizes" his settings more perfectly than his action. "The Poisoned Ice," "D'Arfet's Vengeance," "The Two Householders," and "The Captain from Bath" are instances in point. The scene of "The Poisoned Ice" is the city of Panama in 1671; the time, the day following Morgan's descent upon it with fire and sword. We are introduced to the four survivors of the holocaust, starving and dependent on a brain-warped outcast for food and shelter. That is a brave start. But as the tale progresses it slips as if it were out of focus, its characters grow indistinct, it loses steadily in convincingness, and at last all sense of reality is gone, leaving in the reader's mind only a vague impression of abandoned dwellings and echoing streets.

In the case of the whimsical story, Q's score is higher. What for instance could be more delectable than "Old Æson"? Even the discoverer of Peter Pan might envy Q that theme and admit that in exquisiteness of treatment he had found a peer.

Q begins arrestingly: "Judge between me and my guest, the stranger within my gates, the man whom in my extremity I clothed and fed." The guest's coming is mysterious and he seems to be a century old. One day however the signs of extreme age begin slowly to disappear. "He sat phlegmatic as an Indian idol; and in my fancy I felt the young blood draining from my own heart and saw it mantling in his checks. Minute by minute I saw the slow miracle—the old man beautified. As buds unfold, he put on a lovely youthfulness and, drop by drop, left me winter. His head blossomed in curls; white teeth filled the hollows of his mouth; the pits in his cheeks were heaped full with roses, glowing under a transparent skin."

Q as poet never did anything finer than that and from the realm of fancy he never again brought so perfect a tale. True he brought others, "The Bridal of Ysselmonde" where the naive is truly medieval; "The Magic Shadow," an allegory not without its pathos; "A Young Man's Diary," where comedy becomes deftly-handled burlesque; best of all "Phoebus on Halzaphron" where are mellowness, warmth, and grace and where in one passage at least Q shows a remarkably high skill in achieving the picturesque.

Like Stevenson and the great Sir Walter, Q is fond of the "fireside tale." If you are to get a thrill you must of course take him on his own terms, yield yourself up, and in spirit sit beside him in the circle of eager listeners. His voice drops to a low croon and grows tense only when fear or love or pity touches it. Then Q is at his best. The witching hour is come; an expectant stir is in your pulses; things that never were on land or sea win your credence; and the world of mystery and strange happenings known to the unspoiled imaginations of the country-side become as real as the beating of your heart.

Such a tale is "The Roll Call of the Reef" full of the sound of the plunging sea and the creaking of a doomed ship. You catch sight of the ghosts of men and horses killed in battle as they come drifting in with the mist from the deep and you hear the pallid lips of the dead shout, "God save the King." Such another tale is "The Lady of the Ship," rich in atmosphere, color, and magic. Medieval romance is at the heart of it. Here are treasures and strange sailors; a lovely lady who makes a gallant gentleman mad for her; her familiar the devil in the body of a hound; strange dancing fires which play on black nights among the rocks off-shore and lure ships to ruin; the struggle to reclaim the beautiful witch from the dominion of the fiend; the husband's soul staked against hell upon the venture; and in the end a love that puts all to the hazard and is rewarded by being victorious in death.

All of Q's fireside tales are not clothed in witchery nor do they give you a pleasant, or unpleasant, chill along your spine. Q likes the story that began in local gossip

and has since become woven into the history of the neighborhood, the kind that some village raconteur, born as surely as a poet, tells at wake or wedding while his contemporaries nod reminiscently and the younger generation listens agape. Of such are "The Drawn Blind," "The Regent's Wager," and, done with a heightened and more sophisticated art, "Once Aboard the Lugger." "The Drawn Blind" is a favorite of anthologists; "The Regent's Wager" has the most dramatic conclusion Q ever achieved; "Once Aboard the Lugger" comes perilously near being Q's finest piece of work in the field of the short-story.

A young minister is appointed at Troy whereupon all the girls of the parish set their caps for him. So does the fisher-girl, Nance Trewartha, in a way all her own. It is, if you please, a modern instance of marriage by capture, and at first Q, quite aware of it, lends his recital a gentle and almost imperceptible undercurrent of ironic humor. But as the climax nears, that undercurrent changes subtly to something not far from pathos and we have one of the finest moments Q ever achieved. It begins with this beautiful bit:

"Nance resumed her old attitude by the tiller. Her eyes were fixed ahead, her gaze passing just over the minister's hat. When he glanced up, he saw the rime twinkling on her shoulders and the star-shine in her dark eyes. Around them the heavens blazed with constellations up to its coping. Never had the minister seen them so multitudinous or so resplendent, never before had the firmament seemed so alive to him. He could almost hear it breathe and beneath the stars the little boat raced eastward, with reef-points pattering on its tan sails. . . . A star shot down from the milky way and disappeared in darkness behind the girl's shoulders."

Read on yourself and when you are through compare this masterpiece in little with "The Sire de Maletroit's Door" and "How Gavin Birse Put It to Mag Lowrie." Stevenson is all romantic seriousness; Barrie, all ironic humor, and each serves to throw Q's tale into relief and to indicate with how much extraordinary skill and seeming naturalness he managed to produce the illusion in this masterly narrative.

Q's strong points are many. He is brilliant, resourceful, clever, endowed with a literary conscience, and as human and buoyant as an Oxford Don as he was as an undergraduate. His fundamental weakness is due, paradoxically enough, to his versatility. He does everything well from romance to criticism but not so strikingly well as to challenge the designation "great." As a writer of short-stories he usually failed to conceive them so deeply and to let them possess him so entirely that they are alive in every pulse. To their making went a little too much of the head and not quite enough of the heart. The mark of inevitability is not on them.

In at least five of his short tales, however, Q has scored heavily and on them must rest his claim to the attention of our grandchildren. This is much; for after all, how many short-story writers of our time can offer those merciless judges so little dross, so much fine gold?

REVIEWS

Some Dickens Women. By EDWIN CHARLES. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. \$4.00.

They are not all here, but most of them are, those oddly assorted and unforgettable women of Charles Dickens's fancy, and so this book will serve two classes of readers for profit and delight. We who are past our dancing days will from these pages recapture something of the glamor of youth, of a youth brightened by "David Copperfield" and "Great Expectations" and "A Tale of Two Cities"; of days when strife was sweet and laughter music, and when solemn professors and message-burdened critics had not yet persuaded us that Dickens is sentimental and melodramatic. And another and younger generation will find here some reasons for the faith that the inveterate Dickensian has in him, will appreciate that humor is older (and richer) than Mr. Strunsky, that satire showed its teeth (and its heart) before Mr. Lewis, that human characters were interpreted in novels ere little men with big typewriters had begun their ceaseless gabble about the psychological approach. There is wisdom and pleasure and general well being to be secured from first hand acquaintance with Betsy Trotwood and Miss Wardle, the Marchioness and Sairey Gamp. And Mr. Charles is a master of ceremonies judicious and urbane. He talks a little about Dickens' women, and then quotes page after page from the novels wherein the women, like most women, delightfully speak for themselves. Mr. G. K. Chesterton furnishes a characteristic foreword in which he says nothing but says it with exuberance and charm: "Being myself the sort of good Dickensian who talks all night, I should be delighted to talk all night about each of his (Mr. Charles's) subjects. In many cases I should agree with him; in some cases I should argue with him; but in no cases, supposing appropriate and ideal conditions, should we go home till morning." B. L.

An Autobiography of Abraham Lincoln. Compiled and Annotated by NATHANIEL WRIGHT STEPHENSON. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. \$5.00.

It is impossible to imagine Lincoln, from whom the broad details necessary for a campaign "Life" had to be literally extorted, writing an autobiography; but if the task had to be done, no one was better qualified than the author of his best interpretative life. With extraordinary pains Professor Stephenson has examined Lincoln's speeches and personal letters, weaving them into a connected narrative by aid of an occasional note or an apt quotation from an authenticated conversation. Since the book is liberally documented, it will be useful for reference, but it is not easy reading. As always, it is Lincoln's attitude to apparently trifling things that gives an insight into his character. At least three times the war-worn President took the trouble to report on Tad's goats. On one occasion, a "Nanny" was found in Tad's bed in the White House, but the next day she disappeared, and Lincoln records his "distress about it." A happier note appears in his famous telegram to Mrs. Lincoln, "Tell Tad father and the goats are well, especially the goats." Mother Mary "Gonyeag" (p. 394) probably "Gonzaga," writes to ask his opinion on a proposed raffle. "If there is no objection in the Iowa laws," he replies, "there is none here." It is to be hoped that this little lesson in constitutional law reassured Mother Gonzaga, and that the raffle more than fulfilled her most avaricious expectations. P. L. B.

The Soul of Spain. By HAVELOCK ELLIS. New York: Houghton, Mifflin Company. \$2.25.

Covering the same ground and written practically for the same purpose as Waldo Frank's recent volume, Mr. Ellis is perhaps a little happier in his findings and in his interpretation of the spirit of Spain. Nevertheless he falls far short of catching that

which is fundamental in any attempt to analyze the soul of Spain. And this might have been anticipated. For the soul of Spain is essentially its Catholicism without which its history and its politics, its social, intellectual and religious life are an enigma. And sympathetic though one may be with the country he must also have sympathy with that religion to sound its depths. This Mr. Ellis has not got, though he must be credited with a more appreciative attitude than Mr. Frank towards Spain's saints, mystics and Religious. Thus he is sufficiently eulogistic of Theresa and Loyola. The Society which St. Ignatius founded he does not hesitate to call "the best organized and most famous army that has ever fought in her (the Church's) service." But one wonders where he learned that the standard of the Society of Jesus is "a bleeding heart crowned with thorns," and the dual division into which, as he concludes, the discipline of the cloister moulds men, "the sensitively feminine and the listlessly vegetative," is to say the least, amusing, after all the activity, religious and, according to fable, political, that has come out of the Spanish monasteries. But perhaps writers like Mr. Ellis are not expected to be consistent. The political, industrial and commercial aspects of Spain enjoy only passing mention in the volume: the author is more concerned with Spanish art and literature, chivalry and religion. The closing chapter is especially intriguing. W. I. L.

Rambles with Anatole France. By SÁNDOR KÉMÉRI (Mime. Bölöni). Translated by EMIL LENGVEL. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. \$5.00.

It might seem a little parlous to go rambling with Anatole France even within the covers of a book; for a Catholic, even more than parlous perhaps, so unwholesome is the mass of France's work. These rambles will prove less harmful than disgusting. Though Björnsterne Björnson in his dying hour may gasp, "Anatole France . . . what an artist! . . . what a man!", anyone who knows will catch an ironic accent in the echo, "what a man!". Satanic best describes him and despite all his painful elegance of superior skepticism, despite his genius and his art, his majesty of mien and bearing, one whiffs what one suspects is brimstone. So gross even in these "brilliant conversations" (rather monologues) is the man's pride and so revolting that even his finesse and artistry are thereby not rarely robbed of their charm. Epigrams and *bons mots*, bits of philosophy, wordly-wise and wicked, born of surfeit and sophistication, are not saved from ribaldry for all their cleverness. What is not snide is banal. It's France in the Villa Said, the Place Dauphine, in the Rue de Rivoli, on the Pont Neuf, reconstructing Paris's past and descanting on her beauties and glories, her faults and follies; it's France at Ravenna, at Rome, on the Pincio, in the Vatican, at Florence, in the Pitti and the Uffizi, in the Palazzo Vecchio, at Verona and Parma, at Milan and Naples; it's France, blasé, ennuyé, scoffing and sniggering in his ghastly pride. "Art was his religion," beauty, his mistress, even though these classifications sometimes broke down and admitted others to his hearth and sanctuary. Couple his pride with the noisome features of his life; then compare this with the instruction and enjoyment which these rambles might afford you. Rather more of unsalutary instruction than of enjoyment. L. W. F.

Cortés the Conqueror. By HENRY DWIGHT SEDGWICK. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. \$5.00.

The biographer of St. Ignatius evaluates another of the three personalities who, he states, stand forth conspicuously in sixteenth century Spain: "Charles the King, Ignatius Loyola, with his genius for adoration and organization, and Cortés, the gallant, reckless, deep-revolving, gentleman adventurer." This characterization of Cortés is brilliantly exact. He was as picaresque a conqueror as ever led a band of marauders in old Spanish

America. From the moment that he sailed from the West Indies for the mainland of Mexico till he returned to Spain some twenty years later to give an accounting to his sovereign, he lived through a series of dramatic episodes that almost pass credence. With the numbers of his 500 men steadily dwindling Cortés dared to attempt the subjugation of the most highly developed Indian Empire in America. Leader of scarcely more than a dozen score of men, he fought his way by audacity and cunning and ruthlessness to the heart of the Aztec country and took the glamorous Montezuma captive. Meanwhile, he was forced to circumvent the enemies of his own camp and to defend himself against his accusers in the Court. Cortés gained as much through his honeyed tongue as he did through his military genius. He was a gambler with extraordinary luck, a trickster with uncanny audacity, a general that took chances from which a madman would shrink, an empire-builder that hesitated at no obstacle whatsoever. Through it all, he remained the Catholic. By his own profession, he was waging a just war in his conquest of Mexico. His reasons were twofold: the first and most important was that of rooting out idolatry and human sacrifice and of converting the savages to Catholicism; the second was that of bringing the natives under the beneficent rule of the Spanish King. Though Mr. Sedgwick does not seem to be convinced of the sincerity of Cortés in these religious professions, especially when they are contrasted with Cortés acts and motives, he does not accuse him of utter hypocrisy; he explains the seeming contradiction by the mentality of the period. Mr. Sedgwick's volume is interpretative rather than critical; it introduces very little documentary evidence that is new. F. X. T.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

Various German Works.—On December 23, 1921, died at Exaten, in Germany, an aged Jesuit Father whose venerated remains have been carefully sealed, in view of the possibility of the introduction of his cause of beatification. In the account of his life written by him for his Superiors, in his notes and spiritual diary a complete revelation of his interior life has been found. From these and other sources Walter Sierp, S.J., has now composed his preliminary sketch which he calls: "Ein Apostel des inneren Lebens, Wilhelm Eberschweiler, S.J." (Herder. \$1.75).

The same publisher has issued a symposium by many writers on subjects that should appeal to Catholic girls at the age when girlhood flows into womanhood, and counsel and inspiration are specially needed. That, too, explains its title, "Die Frühlingsreise." The chapter on "Die amerikanische Frau und ihr Heim," contributed by Wilhelmine Schlegelgrell-Keppler, should give the European reader an exalted idea of our own country.

An unusually valuable reference book is Joseph Braun's "Handlexikon der katholischen Dogmatik" (Herder. \$3.00). Catholic doctrines and dogmatic terms are here briefly but clearly explained in alphabetic order. Non-Catholics as well as Catholics will be able with little effort to ascertain the true meaning of any dogmatic teaching or concept of the Catholic Faith. The short articles are written by various experts whose initials are always signed.

Dr. Otto Bardenhewer has published his classroom lectures on the Epistle of St. Paul to the Romans, under the title, "Der Römerbrief des heiligen Paulus" (Herder. \$2.25). Attention is mainly centered on the theology of this difficult document. Textual and exegetical discussions are reduced to a minimum, since the author's purpose is to facilitate for all the study of this Epistle of which he has sought to give a very accurate translation.

Everyone interested in the Spiritual Exercises of St. Ignatius will appreciate the value of "Der Geist der Ignatianischen Exerzitien" (Herder. \$1.25), written by five German Jesuits and edited by Paul Sträter, S.J. It is a penetrating study of the Exercises whose very popularity contains the serious danger that their inner spirit may be lost.

Devotional Helps. Busy parish priests accustomed to mental prayer and yet without the leisure for meditating on lengthy points will find many beautiful, fruitful and practical suggestions in the short meditations included in "At the Feet of the Divine Master" (Herder. \$2.00), by the Rev. Anthony Huonder, S.J., freely adapted into English and edited by Arthur Preuss. The "second series" just issued covers the events of the night of Christ's Passion.—They will also be much helped both in their prayer and in their spiritual reading by the edifying thoughts gathered together by the Rev. Joseph Frassinetti under the title "Jesus Christ the Model of the Priest" (Benziger. \$1.00), translated by Bishop James L. Petterson.

For the coming Advent and Christmas season the pious laity will get suitable meditation material on the mystery of the Incarnation, in "Christmas Chimes" (Lohman. \$1.00), by the Rt. Rev. Mgr. James C. Byrne, a companion volume to his beautiful reflections for Holy Week published in "Easter Chimes."

The Abbé Blazy's edifying sketch of the little shepherdess to whom the Immaculate Virgin so familiarly appeared at Lourdes has been made available in English through the translation of the Rt. Rev. Mgr. Charles Payne. "Blessed Bernadette Soubirous" (Benziger. \$2.00), tells the story of a short but eventful life that cannot but be an inspiration to all those who seek God through Mary and who appreciate the value of serving Him in holy simplicity and littleness.

It was a happy thought of the Rev. Cuthbert Goeb, O.S.B., that prompted the publication in the vernacular of a 1927 *ordo* for the Faithful. With the growth of the liturgical movement the use of the missal by the laity during the Holy Sacrifice has become not uncommon. His "Guide for the Roman Missal" (Lohmann), shows how the missal is to be prepared in order to follow the celebrant and includes a study-plan for its use. A pious thought is also indicated for every day in the year according to the intentions of the Church.

The "Passionist Manual" (Chicago: Hansen), in a new edition, is meant to assist in furthering the good work accomplished wherever the Passionist missionaries have the opportunity to give a mission. It is a vest-pocket prayer-book with the added feature that it contains many instructive thoughts on the sacred Passion.—A sixth edition of the "Prayers at Mass for School Children" (Canton, Ohio: St. John's Church. \$4.00 per hundred), arranged by the Rev. E. P. Graham, is available. Earlier editions have received the heartiest commendation from both bishops and pastors.—"The Forty Hours Devotion" (Kenedy. 25c.), contains in brief and handy form an exposition of the special ceremonies attending the devotion along with the Mass prayers and other suitable exercises of piety.

The Amateur Stage.—Three new offerings have been added to the growing list of plays being issued by the Catholic Dramatic Company of Brooten, Minnesota. "Gilded Youth" is a comedy in four acts by Martin J. Heymans. It is concerned with the character-growth of two young men who were reared as "idle rich." Another play for mixed characters is "The Godless Utopia," by Joseph P. Brentano. A mysterious murder rather upsets the plans of the professor who wished a society from which God was banished. "Glimpses from American History" is a small pageant or play by Rev. J. Schweizer, O.S.B. Details as to price and permission for the stage use of these texts may be obtained from the publishers.

An artistic little play, suitable for Christmas presentation is Percival Wilde's "Kings in Nomania" (Appleton. \$1.25). It is a fantastic story of the royal honors showered accidentally upon the little bootblack who had been condemned to be executed. There is delightful humor in the extravaganza.

Religious Gleanings.—Recollection of the Divine Presence is one of the fundamentals of asceticism. How to make this recollection practical amid daily humdrum duties is the theme of "How to Pray Always" (Benziger. \$1.00), a meaty little treatise by the distinguished author of various well known volumes on prayer, Raoul Plus, S.J. The translation is done by Irene Hernaman.

Those who are responsible for the formation or upkeep of sodalities for nurses will be aided in their difficult but important task by the experience of the zealous sodality propagator, the Rev. Edward F. Garesché, S.J., made available in "Sodalities for Nurses" (Milwaukee: Bruce Publishing Company. \$1.50). Fourteen chapters cover the organization and management of the sodality, the functions of its officers and the activities in which it may engage. The Bruce Company has also issued a new and enlarged edition of the author's popular handbook "A Vade Mecum for Nurses and Social Workers" (\$1.00).

A decidedly useful explanation in pamphlet form of "The Syllabus of Errors of Pope Pius IX" (Huntington, Indiana: Our Sunday Visitor Press. 30c.), has been compiled by Robert R. Hull. The Syllabus has been called the scourge of Liberalism and the frequency with which so many of its propositions are attacked in the United States makes familiarity with it essential for the layman who would successfully defend his Faith from unfriendly attacks.

Apropos of the Aloysian centenary a very edifying and entertaining biography of the Saint, well illustrated, has been prepared for young Italian readers by P. Francesco Maria d'Aria, S.J., under the title "L'Angelo della Gioventù" (Turin: Bertruti. L. I. C. E.). Its cheapness should guarantee it a wide distribution.

The second book of the Rev. Jerome D. Hannan's "Religion Hour" (43c.), has recently been issued by Benziger Brothers. From the same firm come: "Life of the Blessed Jeanne de Lestonnac" (15c.), Foundress of the Order of Marie, Notre Dame, and a revised edition of "The Children's Companion to Christian Doctrine and Bible History" (10c.).—Pustet's have re-issued for Latin readers their handy pocket edition of "Officium Parvum B.V.M. et Officium Defunctorum, etc." (\$1.50).

"Confessionum S. Aurelii Augustini Libri Decem" (Pustet. \$1.25), have been selected as the material of the seventeenth volume of the "Bibliotheca Ascetica" being edited by Francis Brehm. Its value is enhanced by the addition to the text of the notes of the Rev. P. H. Wagnereck, S.J.

Another recent book of provocative and informative essays that will appeal particularly to students of Saint Thomas is Jean Rimaud's collection entitled "Thomisme et Méthode" (Beauchesne. 28fr.). Not only the philosophic method of the Angelic Doctor is discussed but also a number of kindred matters.

With the Sects.—After two years reviewing religious books as literary editor of the *Christian Leader*, Granville Hicks publishes "Eight Ways of Looking at Christianity" (Macmillan. \$1.50), an imaginary symposium. His group is made up of a Fundamentalalist and a Modernist, a Unitarian and a Catholic, two scientists, one religious, the other agnostic, an artist and a college professor of English, met together for two days holiday and an interchange of opinions. Needless to say they do not get very far with such questions as, Is religion a way of life, of belief or of superstition? Is Christianity the religion of a book or of an external authority?—the gulfs between them are too great. Catholics will feel that a weaker brother was chosen as their spokesman.

Another religious symposium is "My Idea of God" (Little, Brown. \$2.50), edited by Joseph Fort Newton. Voicing their opinions on the topic are laymen and clerics, representatives of divers creeds and of no religious affiliation whatever. Needless to say the conceptions of many of the contributors about the Deity are vague and hazy, robbing Him now of one, now of another of His essential attributes. The Catholic view is represented by the

Rev. Bertrand J. Conway, C.S.P. Dr. Newton introduces each contributor with a short biographical notice.

Under the title "The Church and Truth" (Macmillan. \$2.50), Bishop Charles Lewis Slattery has published the proceedings at the 1926 Episcopal Church Congress. As it is not a legislative body its sessions were wholly taken up with an interchange of ideas on religious subjects. The scope of the discussions is indicated by such different titles as "The Church and War" and "The Place of Mysticism in Religion." The papers are all very frank presentments of opinion but the wide divergence of views evidences the weakness of a sect that has no authoritative spokesman.

Religious thought is decidedly backward. At least so thinks Granville Ross Pike. Modern science must bring it up to date. How this may be done is the theme of "Vital Modifications of Religious Thought" (Stratford. \$1.50). Practically, the cure for present religious evils is to come through social service. The volume is an attack upon both modern Churches and modern social conditions.

"Adventurous Religion" (Harper. \$2.00), is the title given to a group of essays reprinted from various magazines by the distinguished New York divine, Harry Emerson Fosdick. Most of them touch issues that have been before the American Churches of late by reason of the controversy between Modernists and Fundamentalists. They are all written clearly and vigorously.

Pedagogical Ramblings.—The introduction of late years into the colleges, of orientation courses for the freshmen, has led to the publication of "How to Study" (Holt. \$3.00), by Leal A. Headley. Primarily it is a textbook for incipient collegians. Such chapters as "How to Keep Physically and Mentally Fit," "How to Concentrate," "to Remember, to Reason, etc.," contain suggestions that others also will find helpful. The book is, in a sense, a synthesis of the practical side of several of our 'ologies albeit all readers will not always subscribe to the principles on which the findings are based.

The South Philadelphia High School for Girls has been experimenting for some time with the so called Dalton Plan. The results of the experimentation have been gathered together in "Educating for Responsibility" (Macmillan), various faculty members collaborating in the work. Those who are interested in modern pedagogic methods will find this resumé of how the plan worked in the various courses instructive.

Compiled by Charles H. Lischka, the third of the educational bulletins of the N. C. W. C. is devoted to "Private Schools and State Laws: 1925" (Washington: N. C. W. C. Bureau of Education. 75c). In addition to summarizing the various State laws regarding private schools, special sections are devoted to a discussion of the Bible in the public schools, to the Oregon case in the Supreme Court, and to the West Virginia decision in the attempt of the Grafton Board of Education to discriminate against a teacher because she was a Catholic.

In its series "Studies in Adult Education" the Macmillan Company has issued "Libraries and Adult Education" (\$2.50), initially printed under the auspices of the American Library Association. The report is informative in an important field and should aid in bring the library more effectively to the attention of the public at large.—"Better Teaching" (Silver, Burdett), is a handbook, in pamphlet form, for guiding teachers and supervisors, compiled by Frank L. Clapp and Thomas M. Risk.

Brother Bede, C.F.X., in "A Study of the Past and Present Applications of Educational Psychology in the Catholic Schools of the Diocese of Louisville" (Baltimore: Mt. St. Joseph's College), combines with the more technical work the title suggests a very informative treatise on the growth and development of the various teaching Orders in the territory he covers. It should be of interest as well to the student of Church history as of pedagogy. The third chapter dealing with the work of the Sisters of Loretto at the Foot of the Cross is published in a separate brochure.

Preface to a Life. The Dark Dawn. It Happened in Pekin. The Triumphant Rider. The Dancing Floor.

Though she has not written much, Zona Gale has written that little with distinction. In her new novel, "Preface to a Life" (Appleton. \$2.00), she treats of a life lasting half a century, slicing it into bits, examining its elements, and fitting it together again so that it continues to function. The life story is that of Bernard Mead; through influences from without and motives from within, he suppresses in himself youthful ideals and ambitions and a romantic love. He forces himself into the groove of his family and of the marriage he was expected to make. He condemns himself to contentment. The suppressed tendencies break out in middle maturity in a disordered mentality. As a psychological study, the narrative might be questioned. But the story is closely coordinated, and is significant because of its keen character analysis and portraiture.

Some vivid descriptive passages and several dramatic situations distinguish "The Dark Dawn" (Dodd, Mead. \$2.00), a sordid tale of the Northwestern prairies, by Martha Ostenso. The theme is the desolation wrought by the indomitable will of a cruel, ambitious woman, who wrecks her own life in the effort to subdue others. Hattie Murker marries Lucian Dorrit, a dreamy farm boy, and estranges him from his family and friends. In the involved conflict which results, he becomes aware of her motives, loses his illusions, and is almost brutalized. The one bright spot in the drab narrative is little Karen Strand. One regrets that the author has not portrayed the happier side of life in "those mean, but glorious little towns" she knows so well.

For those who have read Louise Jordan Miln's other stories of China, her latest book "It Happened in Pekin" (Stokes. \$2.00), will awaken in them remembrances of all that was alluring in those other stories. Taking the episode of the Boxers' outbreak as the groundwork, Mrs. Miln has built up a charming plot by means of which, with a truly amazing knowledge of things Chinese, she again leads her readers among the fairy scenes of unknown lands. There is also a twofold romance in the book, one Occidental and the other Oriental, so different in mode but so alike in substance, yet each advancing with the stately movement of a melodious minuet. The whole book is permeated with that mysterious lure of the East that captivates the fancy and imagination of the West.

More and more they come, bearing the blood red banner of lust, triumphant in their pseudo freedom from the bonds of the moral law. Frances Harrod has added another to the long, long list of books that should not be read. In "The Triumphant Rider" (Boni and Liveright. \$2.00), there is not even the redeeming feature of interest; the author's much vaunted style fails to raise the book even to the standard of a best seller.

In his latest novel, "The Dancing Floor" (Houghton, Mifflin. \$2.50), John Buchan shows a very decided leaning toward the preternatural. His hero is obsessed from his baby days by an annually recurring dread of a terrible something that is coming to him eventually. Later in the story the heroine enters; the hero at once takes a decided dislike to her. She is a daughter of a "terribly" bad man, who sent her to a convent school where "they taught children to be snobs" (which the heroine was not), "to powder their noses" (and the heroine even went further, and powdered her whole face), and "to go to Confession" (but no sign of this part of her training or of her having been taught to go to Mass appears, for on the only Sunday mentioned in the book, while the non-Catholics go to Church the heroine stays in bed). The reader sees the patrician side of English life, and is taken to Greece where he is shown some wonderful scenery, beautifully depicted, and is initiated into some of the Greek mysteries. In Greece, the hero and heroine meet again, and the book has a very melodramatic ending, and then the scene fades away with the hero and heroine in a little boat on the Aegean Sea. As one closes the book, one feels that the *deus ex machina* has been overworked.

Communications

The editors are not responsible for opinions expressed in this department.

"Hyperion to a Satyr"

To the Editor of AMERICA:

B. J. F., from New Jersey, desires a Catholic *Evening Post*. His education in current literature has been woefully neglected if he overlooks AMERICA, the leading weekly, Catholic or non-Catholic.

It would be gilding refined gold to direct attention to the intellectual superiority of AMERICA over its fellow-magazines.

AMERICA linked with a Curtis publication! Hyperion to a Satyr!

Brooklyn.

A. M. E.

A Protestant Opinion of a Catholic Daily

To the Editor of AMERICA:

With more or less frequency AMERICA publishes letters written by good souls who with every sincere motive advocate the establishment of a Catholic daily. Those who submit the proposition mean well but they have had no practical experience and therefore their proposition does not mean a thing in the world.

For nearly eighty years the Philadelphia *Sunday Transcript* has been owned by Protestants, but it has always been more than passively friendly with the Catholic denomination.

This newspaper stood alone in its opposition to the Curtis publications, which made the most horrible attack upon the holy Mother that the world has ever known. No Catholic journal in the world even printed the blasphemy. It was this newspaper and this newspaper only, that forced the issue and compelled the retractions and apologies.

Three or four more recent and more outrageous offenses by the Ku Klux Klan forced this newspaper bitterly to attack that organization because the Ku Klux Klan is very strong in this locality.

As a result of these two gestures, both the Curtis and the Ku Klux Klan sent agents from stand to stand over all the territory covered by the *Sunday Transcript*, with intimidations and threats and induced the owners of half the stands to banish this newspaper from their counters. A very large part of these stand-owners were Catholics, and so far as we have been able to learn not even one of them made the slightest effort to support this newspaper; Jewish stand-owners did support this publication and with less reason for so doing.

As we lost stand after stand, we resorted to extraordinary means to keep our circulation at an even keel.

The result of this proposition is that Catholics as a class do not support publications that defend them. An excellent paper in this city is the *Catholic Standard and Times*. It is one of the most broadly edited and generally worthy publications of the United States, but it has never had even one-tenth of the support to which it is justly entitled.

You may recall that Organized Labor started not less than three papers, and they all died for want of the support of those most interested in them. Mr. Cherrington of Westville, Ohio, worked out a very comprehensive scheme for the establishment of seven daily newspapers to be published simultaneously in seven different cities covering the United States. All of these newspapers, except one, died a natural death.

There is no great work in publishing a newspaper either daily or weekly, for the big idea of the business is first of all to read it and then subscribe for it. Take the Catholics as a group or any other group needing a daily paper, if they have subscribers who do not read the paper, then it is a failure at its inception. The *New York Times* was once under such expense and debt that it was dying the death of a dog, when Mr. Ochs took it over and made it one of the world's greatest newspapers.

Our own impression here in Philadelphia is that Catholics as a

group will not support the publications that fight their battles for them; whether it be the *Catholic Standard and Times* or the *Sunday Transcript*, the latter of which could be made a daily paper over night with the assurance of a "reading" public.

When an Atlantic City daily paper, which was backed by a strong political group, went into the hands of a receiver, there was a loss of exactly \$350,000, for which there was no excuse except that the group which supported it did not read it.

May I be pardoned for placing special stress upon the word *read* because it differs so much from the word *buy*. The success of a newspaper is not dependent upon the persons who buy it, but upon the persons who read it.

The writer is a member of Old Christ's Church of Philadelphia and a thirty-second degree Mason. I buy, I read and am influenced by AMERICA. It is because I read and am influenced by AMERICA that it is benefited to the extent that I am influenced.

Believe me a sincere admirer of your publication.

Philadelphia.

CLEMENT H. CONGDON.

The First Ten Years the Hardest

To the Editor of AMERICA:

It strikes me that Mary Gordon entered married life with undue haste and without sufficient knowledge of its responsibilities and duties, which is fittingly described as "that state, which everyone who is within is anxious to get out of and everyone who is without is anxious to get in."

A girl of marriageable age should be taught a wife's duty to her husband and to her family. She should be told *before* she forms an attachment to a young man, what she has to expect, for then the blind god of love throws dust in her eyes and obscures her vision. She should have it indelibly impressed upon her, that after marriage the only natural and honorable course to pursue, is to have a family, large or small, as it is her lot.

We have a womans' club in our town whose members are almost entirely composed of young, handsome, well-fed, perfectly groomed married women, who are by choice, childless, or with one, but very seldom two children. They spend their lives in seeking nothing but their own pleasure, going from one bridge club to another, or driving in their luxurious sedans. I often wonder what excuse they will offer to St. Peter for their empty hands and lives. It is said that St. Peter asks no questions of mothers or soldiers—but most mothers feel that it would be a comparatively easy life to join the army.

Mary Gordon has one of the greatest assets to married happiness—a good, kind husband. His only fault is that he is a man!

This is no "old-maid" writing but a woman who was also a mother of five at the age of thirty—and who has added five more to the collection since. Talk about being poor! My family was dressed off the bargain counter all their lives! January clearing sales meant the year's supply of clothing for the family! And they were always respectably clad, too and at a modest outlay.

Motherhood develops a woman in every way. Physically, mentally, morally, and socially. Whose mind needs the alertness and scope that a mother of a large family must have? Who sets such an example of clean living and clean speaking as the mother—whose "little pitchers have such big ears"? Who needs the sympathy and helping hand of the neighbors, as a mother does?

Courtship would not be unduly prolonged if the parties interested saved the first payment on a home before marriage. Then the money that goes for rent otherwise would apply on the home, and they could have flower-beds, gardens, sand-piles or anything else they wanted—even to a pair of twins—without asking the consent of the landlord. (I remember a coal-mine dug in my back yard with escape-shaft, tippie, cage and coal-cars, to the horror of my landscape-artist neighbors!)

But it paid. And perhaps Mary Gordon's family will pay in time. Those seven grimy, earnest little urchins and their three

just as earnest little sisters have developed into honorable citizens, laboring to make the world a better place in which to live. When you come to figure up your balance and you have a number of good honest boys and girls to send forth and carry the influence of their home over the world, isn't it infinitely more worth while than to flit through life like a butterfly, with nothing to show for your work but a pair of damaged wings and an empty life?

Mary Gordon's case is not unique. She is going through what every mother has had to face, through countless ages! Her physical sufferings are doubtless augmented by her rebellious mental attitude. She has four interesting little ones whom she loves. She surely enjoys their companionship even when they wear her out. Nothing would be harder on her than to be separated from them or not to be able to work for them. It is the childless mother who mourns about the "monotony of married life." To the mother of a family it is just "one blamed thing after another"—teething, summer complaint, croup, ear-ache—*ad infinitum*. Monotony? "There 'haint no such animal."

Far be it from me to boast of my children and their achievements, but we have had the wonderful privilege of gathering our loved ones together, from distant parts of the United States, to enjoy a glorious reunion. The special occasion of this meeting was to bid God-speed to the youngest girl and her next-in-line brother, who were soon to enter Religious life, joining three others who had entered years before. I felt that I had been amply repaid for my earlier struggles, sleepless nights and mental anxieties. I believe all my friends and neighbors breathed a prayer for them as they knelt at Mass that morning.

So cheer up, Mary Gordon! The first ten years are the hardest! Your children are growing more helpful every day, if you have trained them properly. The responsibility of caring for their younger brothers and sisters is the best discipline they could possibly have. Every new-comer will be just as dear as the preceding one, and if you practise your religious principles you will at least have the reward of a clear conscience and your children will some day rise to call you blessed!

Lincoln, Ill.

J. C.

New York's First Catholic Orphan Asylum

To the Editor of AMERICA:

One hundred years ago this month the "Roman Catholic Orphan Asylum in New York clothed, fed, and educated, upwards of 140 destitute orphans" (Boston *Patriot and Independent Chronicle*, Nov. 25, 1826). Where was this orphan asylum located? Was this the asylum endowed by Cornelius Heeney, eminent Catholic philanthropist in New York at this period? Maybe T. F. M. can inform me and the readers of AMERICA on this point.

Lowell.

GEORGE F. O'DWYER.

[Three Sisters of Charity, Rose White, Cecilia O'Conway, and Felicité Brady, began New York's first Catholic orphan asylum, on June 28, 1817, in an old frame building of Revolutionary interest, that stood at Mulberry and Prince streets. The Sisters of Charity are still carrying on this benevolent work. In 1825, the first inadequate building was replaced by the substantial brick structure now used as St. Patrick's parish school. It was not "endowed" by Cornelius Heeney, though he gave some of the property on which the building stands, and other generous contributions. The first year there were five orphans cared for; the second, saw twenty-eight; since then more than as many thousand have had the benefit of the Sisters' ministrations. One of these was the famous Bishop McQuaid of Rochester. Others were later zealous priests and Sisters, and successful men and women in secular life.—T. F. M.]

"America" Stirs Echoes in Africa

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Into a peaceful little convent in the heart of Africa, came lately a stray copy of AMERICA, dated June 19, 1926. As I read it a sentence in an article entitled "First Communion Tableaux" arrested my attention. "Little children are talking with Christ. A little girl plans one day, perchance in the habit of some Sister

dispensing the charity of Christ, to cross the seas and help to save heathens from death."

That vision has been fulfilled in the case of the Superior of Kamuli convent. Sister Camilla is an American from Boston, and is engaged here with two other Sisters in the service of God. They came to help the Mill Hill Fathers in their work of Christianizing the tribes in the vicinity of Lake Victoria Nyanza. Kamuli is fifty miles from the lake and nine miles from the wooded banks of the White Nile.

Two Mill Hill Fathers are stationed here, superintending a large boys' school, and through visiting the villages and scattered huts in the great plantations they are constantly forming new classes of catechumens. The work of instruction goes on steadily, the number of Christians is increasing, but, alas! the spacious, thatched building, which is our church, has been quite undermined by white ants so that the walls are now unsafe. In addition to their other labors, the Fathers have therefore begun to superintend the preparation of burnt bricks, which are ant-proof, in order to be able to construct a permanent church building here.

Near the church is a mission hospital. Practically all our patients are heathen. Their bodies have often the most terrible sores, the result of dirt and of native treatment combined. They look wistfully to us for healing. May Divine grace touch and illumine their ignorant souls!

The good Sisters who founded the hospital are daughters of St. Francis. Here, under a tropical sun, their habits are white, girdled with the familiar knotted cord. In addition to the hospital they conduct a large day-school and a boarding-school. Some of the elder girls wish, after a time, to enter the Franciscan novitiate, and to help the White Sisters in their hospitals and schools.

But at present what we most yearn for is a permanent church, for which financial help is sorely needed. I am quite sure that many servants of God in America, unable otherwise to participate directly in the work of Kamuli Mission, would gladly give a little if they only knew about the place and the need!

Kamuli, in the language of Uganda, means "Little Flower," and it is not strange that we have come to regard this place as belonging especially to St. Teresa of the Child Jesus, whose name it has borne so long. Any contributions towards the erection of a permanent church here, will be received with gratitude by the Rector, Rev. Father Rung, care of Post Office, Kamuli, Busoga, British East Africa.

Busoga, B. E. Africa.

MARY L. McNEILL, M.B., Ch.B.,
Staff of Kamuli Mission Hospital.

Catholics in House of Representatives

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Of the 435 members elected to the new House of Representatives 37 appear to be Catholics; 35 per cent of whom come from New York City. In the vast expanse from the Mississippi River to the Rocky Mountains not a single Catholic was elected.

A remarkable feature of the new House is the large number of members with unmistakable Irish names who are not Catholics—namely: Dempsey and Magee of New York; Kelly, Magrady and McFadden of Pennsylvania; Fitzgerald, Kearns, McSweeney and Murphy of Ohio; Hickey of Indiana, McLaughlin of Michigan, Madden of Illinois, Byrnes of Tennessee, Quin of Mississippi, McDuffie of Alabama, Connolly of Texas, and McKeown of Oklahoma. Besides the foregoing we have these of a Milesian flavor: McSwain of South Carolina; Butler and Welsh of Pennsylvania, and finally McReynolds of Tennessee.

New York.

THOMAS J. O'BRIEN.

"Adapting the Curriculum"

To the Editor of AMERICA:

The situation under which "darning," easel-making, and what not find a place in our high-school curricula must be regarded as

certainly a "come down" from the good old days of the classics when these things were learned at home or in the carpenter-shop, and when school was a place of culture and intellectual training to fit men for the professions. Who will not admit that education, in its more proper and traditional sense, has devolved into a do-what-you-like system and be merry?

Nevertheless we Catholics must face conditions as they are and try to adapt ourselves to them as best we can. More than that, we must go out of our way, if need be, to create such facilities as will hold those Catholic boys and girls who for some reason or other cannot make the classical course. Are we going to keep carping and finding fault with modern methods and conditions while we fail to provide for the heavy leakage in the Church because Catholic boys and girls are forced to attend public schools? When will wealthy Catholics come to the aid of the Church in the matter.

Do we realize that we have not half the number of schools we should have to counteract the modern paganism of school and press? May I make bold to say that education is of such importance today that priests and bishops should economize (Archbishop Curley is an example of such Christ-like zeal) even on elaborate church building and ornamentation in order to put up more schools? We ought not certainly to turn our high schools into universities for typewriting, or "darning," or drawing, but why can we not bend every effort to open at least central schools where boys and girls of high-school age can take up these subjects, and above all can learn to appreciate the values of life—human life, Catholic life, instead of pagan life, whether it be ancient Greek or Roman, or simply up-to-date American paganism on which it is based?

Brooklyn, N. Y.

M. V. IRVING.

Is There a Catholic Decadence?

To the Editor of AMERICA:

It is difficult to keep up the fight in the face of the flat contradictions of Catholic action. You have published to the world that "Show Boat," Edna Ferber's latest best seller, has received condemnation for the statements in it regarding a certain Middle Western convent. You have published several letters written on the subject, one particularly in the AMERICA of October 16. Now what do you think of the following in the archdiocesan paper of a Far-Western city under date of November 6, on the Women's Page, under the title "About New Books":

"Show Boat"—Edna Ferber.

About life on a show boat on the Mississippi during the late '90's. Colorful and interesting. Said to be Ferber's best novel.

In the same issue of that paper is a story of the head of the A. F. L., who was entertained at the Catholic Summer School at Cliff Haven, New York. Father Duffy introduced the speaker, Mr. Green, who said: "having such a profound regard for Father Duffy, I wish publicly to express my appreciation for his remarks regarding my statement on the Mexican situation."

"There must be dirty work somewhere," says Jimmy Lyons on the Orpheum Circuit! *Columbia*, AMERICA, Goldstein, even Dean Barrows of California University, all speak of one mind on the Mexican question, but a Catholic paper must tell of a Catholic organization where a Catholic priest is thanked for the kind words spoken of the President of an organization which upholds the tyranny of a "Labor President" in Mexico! And a Catholic paper has to publish a good word for a book which reviles life in a convent.

Truly Catholics get what they deserve. In America they are living on what the pioneers have done and they intend to live on it until they are no more. They growl because a Holy Name parade is held "to show their strength." They declaim against the discriminations shown their schools and colleges in favor of State institutions, but they help to build foundations at secular universities, vote bonds to enlarge other universities, and will not get out and vote to exempt their own institutions, even though their Catholic paper was distributed *gratis* at the Sunday Masses.

If the Catholic Church has done fairly well in the past seventy-five years in the United States, through and by methods which are repudiated today, will she continue to do as well in the next seventy-five years? Reason does not answer in the affirmative. History shows that when social organizations merge they both lose their identity. If the Catholic Church wants to continue her success in the United States she must continue her struggle single-handed and alone and not through aping the methods of other religionists by merging with the spirit of the times and the so-called powers that be. So many people excuse conditions with the statement that "the times are different." That is the easiest way. But it at the same time is the surest way to undo all that has been accomplished in the past.

We are fast losing our identity because we are aping the mannerisms of organizations which are not spiritual and consequently force themselves into notoriety with methods absolutely at variance with the teachings of Christ. Would the fathers and mothers of a preceding generation ever have countenanced half-clad girls on the stage at a Catholic organization's show? Would one of those parents ever have accompanied her daughter across the continent to exhibit her form to the "low-lifers" who inhabit Atlantic City, during the National Beauty Contest, after she had traveled the western coast exhibiting what Eve was ashamed of? Yet it is done—and worst of all, the names are Irish! "It is the times," and unless we have some naked exhibitions no one will attend our show. *Ergo*, it is all right!

This is the same logic which causes Catholics to cater to novels that revile convents; which entertains men whose organizations aim at the very vitals of Catholic principles; which sits back complacently at eternal card games to make money for a parish, and then will not cast a vote to exempt the parish school from taxation.

It is to the credit of the editor of the Archdiocesan paper mentioned above that he roundly scored the apathetic Catholics who were too lazy to cast their vote, and who "support their church mostly by cheap gambling devices."

San Francisco.

J. L. O'SULLIVAN.

St. Teresa's Feast Day

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In the terminology used by the Sacred Congregation of Rites and by the Holy See in general, *memoriam recolere* is not the same as *festum instituere*. The former is used in the *Litterae Decretales* announcing the canonization of St. Teresa of the Child Jesus and of St. Peter Canisius; the latter phrase is used in the Encyclical declaring Christ the King. Two Responses to be found in the *Ephemerides Liturgicae*, the one in the issue of 1925, page 391, the other in the April issue of 1926, page 120, make it plain that the observance of any feast in honor of these two Saints has not been extended to the universal Church. The *Ordo* for 1927, published at Rome, makes no mention of any feast in honor of St. Teresa and St. Peter Canisius. This *Ordo* assigns a *De ea* Office to April 27 and also to October 3.

Cincinnati.

J. G. STEIN.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

I wonder would the enclosed clipping from the Philadelphia *Catholic Standard and Times* throw any light on the discussion anent the feast of the "Little Flower"? It is accredited to the N. C. W. C. News Service.

Washington, Sept. 26.—A cablegram has been received here from Rome stating that the Vatican has set October 1 as the feast day of St. Teresa of the Child Jesus, the "Little Flower."

St. Teresa's death took place September 30, and normally that date would have been declared her feast day. However, September 30, is the feast day of St. Jerome, one of the great Doctors of the Church, and in order to avoid a conflict the next day, October 1, was chosen. The feast will be of the second class.

Rome, Sept. 29.—Some confusion has been caused to those who received the announcement that October 3 would be the feast day of St. Teresa.

The Carmelite Fathers asked that the Feast of the "Little Flower" be transferred from the third to the first of October. A decree of the Congregation of Rites relative to such change has not yet been published because there was not sufficient time to make it. The Congregation gave, however, a verbal faculty by which the feast may be celebrated this year either on the first or the third of October, as is wished.

In future the feast will be fixed for October 1.

The source from which the information comes seems safe enough. As far as I know, however, nothing official has appeared in the *Acta Apostolicae Sedis* announcing the change of date.

Norwalk, Conn.

GEORGE J. COLLINS, C. S. Sp.

Utilizing the Secular Daily

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Your correspondent, "A. Y." in AMERICA, October 16, under the headline, "A Modern Delila," thinks the caption to my letter in AMERICA, August 7, "Catholic Daily Problem Solved," spells: "We need not have a Catholic daily."

That the problem was only temporarily solved in Chicago I frankly concede. That his conclusion, "We need not have a Catholic daily," logically follows, I emphatically deny. On the contrary, never before, perhaps, in the history of America was the crying need of a Catholic daily press so strikingly illustrated as during the Eucharistic Congress in Chicago and the months of brutal persecution that have followed in Mexico. So obvious was this need and so tempting the vast field of religious "news" of world-wide significance, that—fortunately for us—the wide-awake secular dailies of Chicago sprang into the breach with all their gigantic equipment, mighty presses, special wires, army of photographers, powerful radios, roaring airplanes and motor-cars, which delivered the news as fast as science could carry it.

Were not these elaborate special editions, "Catholic dailies," at least for the time being? If not, what was lacking? Was not the reading matter furnished by the most distinguished Catholic writers, orators, poets, theologians, liturgists, jurists, and special correspondents, including such shining lights as Cardinals Mundelein and Bonzano, Mgr. E. A. Burke of Rome and Pierce Butler of the United States Supreme Court; Fathers Parsons and Talbot, S.J.; David Goldstein, Eugene Weare, and scores of others.

Of course the regular features of every great metropolitan newspaper which, like a huge mirror, reflects everything that comes within its range, did not cease to function, though considerably dwarfed by comparison and completely overshadowed by the avalanche of religious news. Thus the chief of detectives, for example, did not fail to report the gratifying fact that during the five days of the Congress, while Chicago was host to one million strangers from all parts of the world, only twenty-three major crimes were reported as against forty during the same number of days last year when the city's population was normal.

No doubt it was gratifying also to note that the *Daily American Tribune*—"our only Catholic daily"—did yeoman service, filling its columns daily with glowing reports by able special correspondents and double-page photographs, not to mention that exquisite, classical, description in verse of the Eucharistic Procession by Scharmer Iris. Moreover, *D. A. T.* has been on the Mexican firing line every week-day since, while our belated weeklies have been content to fire a single broadside once a week, which, being ante-dated, too often arrives just after the situation has entirely changed! But would it be safe to claim that even a paltry 100,000 devout Catholics, or 10,000 non-Catholics, had read "our only Catholic daily"?

If our Lord sent His seventy-two disciples as "advance advertising agents" into all the cities to which He was to come, and His Apostles preached in the streets, in the synagogues, the Temple and the Areopagus to reach both Jews and Gentiles, should not we, in this extraordinary age of material progress, in the absence of a nation-wide Catholic daily press, make use of the secular daily press for the same purpose? As to the "large and by no means unimportant section of the Catholic public who are not

interested in any Catholic press at all," probably the surest way to reach them is also through the secular dailies, the same as non-Catholics. I therefore still cling to my motto: "If we cannot have a Catholic daily press, why not make the daily press Catholic?"

Reversing the parable of the Good Shepherd to make it fit the circumstances, can we afford to neglect the "ninety-nine" that are lost, for the "one" that is safe?

White Bear Lake, Minn.

WILLIAM F. MARKOE.

Kadesh and the Rock Struck by Moses' Rod

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In an interview given to the Associated Press on October 12, which has since gone the round of newspapers, Dr. William T. Ellis attributes to himself the discovery of the true site of Kadesh, and of the rock whence water flowed when it was struck by Moses. Hitherto "the maps, the books and the ancient tradition have been wrong."

"New Bible students," says our traveler, "who in the past have adventured into central Sinai have missed (italics ours) Ain Guderate." Have they really?

To begin with, to call the region of Ain Qdeis "mid Sinai," "the center of the peninsula," is, to say the least, a geographical license rather surprising in a biblical scholar. But this is venial sin. Ain Qdeirat—this spelling is nearer the Arabic name than "Guderate"—has been known for more than a quarter of a century as the largest and most remarkable spring of the district, in fact the spring, as it is significantly called by the Bedouins (Lagrange, *Revue Biblique*, 1896, p. 451); but travelers could not reach it. It was visited, though, by the caravan of the *Ecole Biblique* of the Dominicans at Jerusalem, on March 9, 1906—twenty years before Dr. Ellis' "discovery"—and is described in the *Revue Biblique* of that same year (pp. 450-451). It has been revisited repeatedly since. Its true name is *Ain el-Mufdjar*. Complete descriptions of it may be read in A. Musil, "Arabia Petraea" *Edom II*, p. 157; Kühtreiber, in *Zeitschrift des Deutsch. Paläst. Vereins*, 1914, p. 10; Woolley and Lawrence, *Pal. Explor. Fund Annual*, 1914-1915; "The Wilderness of Zin" and lastly *Revue Biblique* (1922, pp. 63-68). So much for the "new Bible students who have missed it."

The same interview informs us that the two valleys (of Qdeis and Qdeirat) "are only about twenty-five miles apart." These twenty-five miles are actually six miles as the crow flies; and the walking distance between the two springs (which are well up in their respective valleys) is about three hours.

"Near the head of the valley are two springs." We must conclude, then, that one has gone dry of late; for hitherto three had been observed by travelers. "The water, surging from narrow and deep fissures in the rock, gushes out with great force in three spouts, each as big as a man's arm"; thus we read in *Revue Biblique* (1922, p. 63).

Dr. W. T. Ellis believes that the neighborhood of this spring, and not the valley of Ain Qdeis, is the site of the Biblical Kadesh Barnea, for thirty-eight years the camping place of the Hebrews. He is welcome to his opinion. As for us, we readily believe that, during this long time, the Hebrews must have roamed through the whole district and gone to Ain Qdeirat; and some perhaps tried to settle in the Wady el-Ain. We wonder, though, whether they remained there very long; for, despite its paradise-like appearance, that Wady is not a very desirable place to live in, and has the reputation of being very unhealthy.

"We are afraid," said the Bedouins to the Dominican travelers in 1906, "of mosquitoes and fever. If anyone spends here some time during the summer, his body begins to swell, and he dies." Even supposing things to have been different three thousand years ago, in order to convince us that the rock of Ain Mufdjar is the rock struck by Moses' rod, Dr. Ellis must prove that the spring which then gushed forth from the rock was not merely for the temporary relief of the Israelites, but still remains open.

Webster Groves, Mo.

C. L. S.